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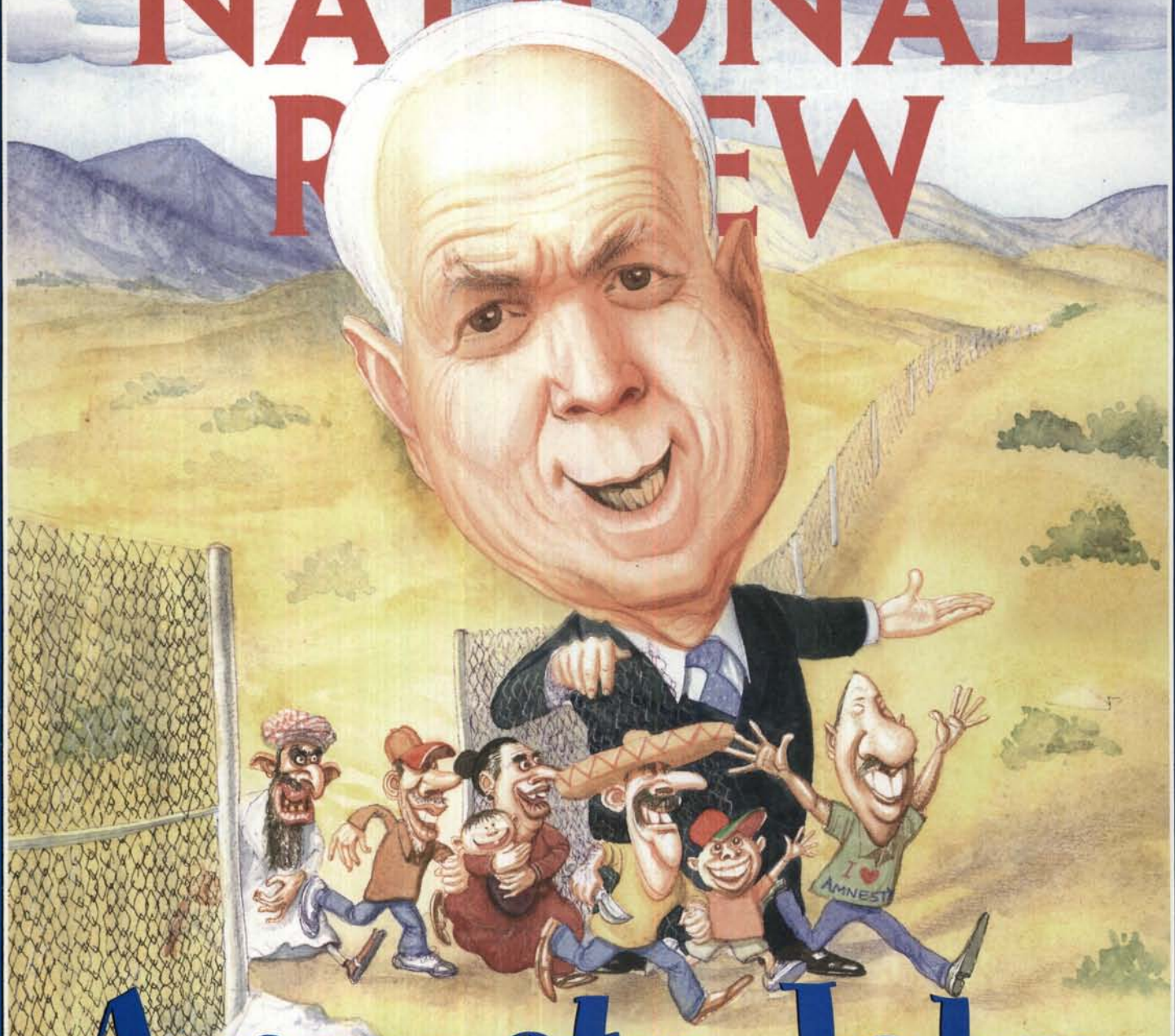
L JOHNSON ON ANTI-AMERICANISM

DAVID FRUM Asks, 'Who Are We?'

NATIONAL REVIEW



Amnesty John

THE FOLLY OF McCAIN-KENNEDY, AND THE SHIFTING POLITICS OF IMMIGRATION

MARK KRIKORIAN
JOHN O'SULLIVAN
THE EDITORS

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SEPTEMBER 12, 2005 VOL. LVII, NO. 16

NATIONAL REVIEW

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■ COVER STORY

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The GOP's Immigration Problem

Immigration has long been the great sleeper issue in American politics, with two-thirds of the voters wanting less of it and the political and business elites wanting a great deal more. Time and again it has looked likely to break through this bipartisan barrier into public debate. On each occasion, however, the elites have suppressed any stirrings of public opposition—until the last few weeks. *By John O'Sullivan*

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COVER: *Roman Genn*

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letters to the editor

CHALLENGING CHÁVEZ

NATIONAL REVIEW does its readers a great disservice by publishing "The Chávez Challenge" by Mark Falcoff (August 29). Many of his basic facts are incorrect, and his conclusions do not follow from his own reporting.

Minimizing the authoritarian nature of the Venezuelan regime, Falcoff states that Hugo Chávez has "not even bothered building a political party of his own." Since 1998, Chávez has run a colossal party called the Movimiento Quinta Republica (MVR). Its members currently control the National Assembly and the majority of elected offices; the party chairman is Chávez himself. The manifest fraud in the recent referendum, which was also ignored by Falcoff, has made the MVR supreme.

Falcoff inaccurately states that the Venezuelan government is "toying" with a new media law. The "media contents bill" became law in 2004. Moreover, the new criminal code makes insulting Chávez punishable by 6 to 30 months in prison: There are numerous reporters and broadcasters currently facing charges.

Falcoff considers Chávez a character in a comic opera, an "unpleasant fever that will eventually pass . . . in some years, perhaps even decades"; and the effects of his rule are "merely a moderate inconvenience for the United States." Chávez is not a caricature. He is a vicious killer of his own people who befriends, equips, and cooperates with Colombian terrorists and Middle East terror sponsors. Falcoff's cold insensitivity to the freedom and dignity of the Venezuelan people is unsettling, all the more so considering that, unlike the rest of Latin America, Venezuelans consistently poll as great admirers of the United States, its liberty, and its people.

Thor Halvorssen
New York, N.Y.

MARK FALCOFF REPLIES: I fully share Mr. Halvorssen's opinion of Hugo Chávez—he is self-evidently a dangerous thug and a killer who "befriends, equips, and cooperates with Colombian terrorists," among others. This and much more anyone could have learned from reading my article.

With all due respect, however, for the "freedom and dignity of the Venezuelan people," let's remember that Chávez has been chosen consistently, by the people, as their president-dictator. I regret this; someday they will too. Meanwhile, I believe that for the United States to care more about these values than the vast majority of Venezuelans seem to care would be futile and even counterproductive. If we were to follow the policy prescriptions Mr. Halvorssen has lately been retailing in other publications, we would be falling precisely into the trap Chávez continues to set for us.

NOT SO INTELLIGENT

While many, including me, may be partial to the points made in "For Devolution" (The Week, August 29), I cannot accept the halfhearted neutrality into which the editorial eventually falls. NR should have explicitly stated opposition to teaching intelligent design alongside evolution.

The ultimate implications of biological mutation are, as stated, theological or philosophical in nature; such subjects cannot be considered science, and should therefore not be taught as such. A gut feeling that God created the unvarying laws of nature is fine, but has no definitive quantitative or observational data to support it: Adherents are left with their faith alone. Such a conviction is utterly opposed to the disinterested, rational, data-based science that should be taught in our nation's schools.

It is of course possible to reconcile evolution and faith; one should not, however, consider intelligent design a legitimate science, or, as President Bush does, support teaching it in science classes. There is a place for faith in public life; this assuredly is not it.

Kale Bongers
Grand Chute, Wis.

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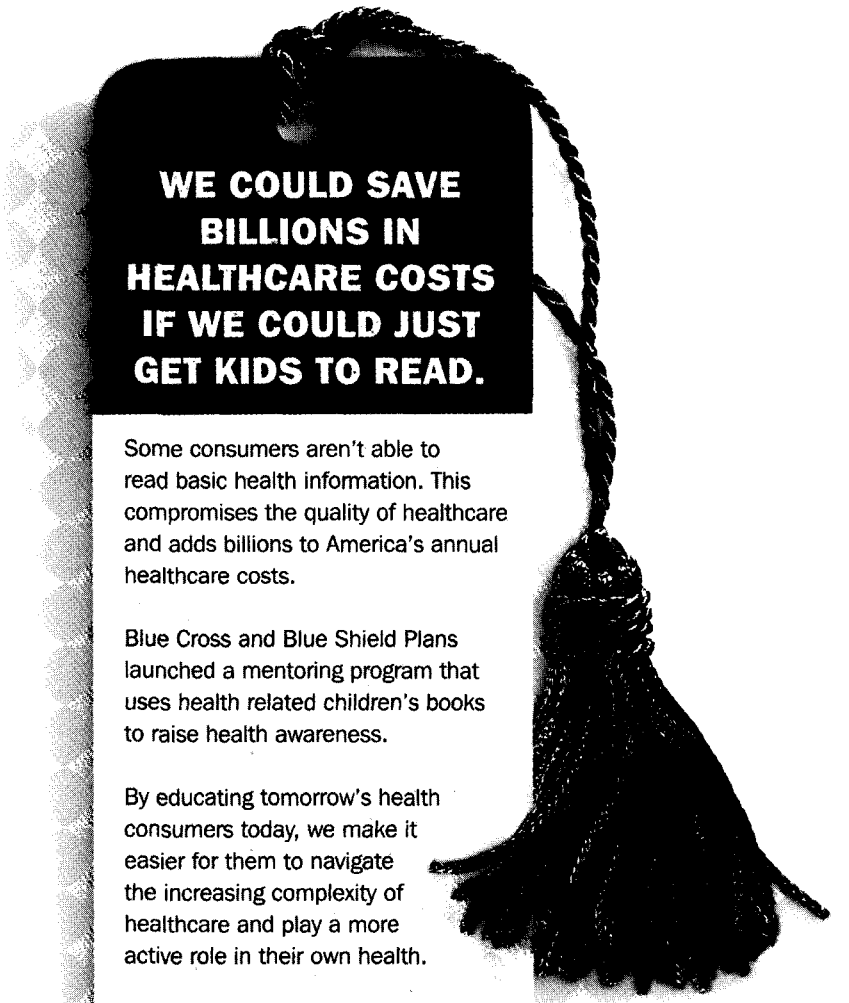

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THE WEEK

■ London will apparently crack down on Al-Tajdeed Radio, which preaches violent jihad. But what about the BBC?

■ Let's say you're a Democratic senator. In the last few weeks, you've been having some, well, impure thoughts about the Supreme Court nomination of John Roberts. Maybe he should be confirmed, you think, or, at least, maybe you should not try to stop the nomination, since doing so might backfire on your party. Now, if you ever find yourself having such thoughts, be sure that you never, ever tell anyone—especially a reporter. Just look what happened after the *Washington Post* published a front-page story headlined, "Roberts Unlikely to Face Big Fight; Many Democrats See Battles as Futile." The very possibility that Roberts might be confirmed so enraged the leaders of groups like People for the American Way, the Alliance for Justice, and the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights that they quickly gave leading Democrats an earful—so much so that the very next day, the *Post* published another front-page story headlined, "Democrats Feel Heat From Left On Roberts; Groups Say Fight Should Be Stronger." Sure enough, some Democrats became stronger. For example, Patrick Leahy, the ranking Democrat on the Senate Judiciary Committee, released a statement calling Roberts a representative of the "far right wing of his party" whose views are "radical" and aimed at "reversing decades of policies on civil rights, voting rights, women's rights, privacy, and access to justice." Now that's more like it.

■ "Roberts Resisted Women's Rights," headlined a front-page *Washington Post* article examining memos the Supreme Court nominee wrote as a young counsel in the Reagan White House. "Neanderthal," proclaimed NOW president Kim Gandy about Judge Roberts's analyses of a 1983 "comparable worth" lawsuit, the Equal Rights Amendment, and gender-preference proposals. Senator Schumer fretted about Roberts's apparent insensitivity to "economic equality for women." According to Senator Kennedy, Roberts joined in "an intense effort to impede progress . . . on equal rights for women." The Left seeks to alarm half the population about John Roberts. Sex discrimination in salaries was outlawed by the Equal Pay Act of 1963. In his memos, Roberts states, "The Administration clearly supports equal pay for equal work," and contrasts this federal mandate with the "perniciousness of the 'comparable worth' theory." In 1984, Roberts referred to the "so-called gender gap" in response to advice about how the president could boost his showing among women. That November President Reagan, who opposed the ERA, carried 49 states and 56 percent of women voters. President Clinton had a "women problem." To his credit, Judge Roberts had a problem with discredited Marxist theories and feminist agitprop.

■ The "Able Danger" controversy is a moving target. Able Danger was a late-1990s Defense intelligence program; some of its officials now allege that it identified Mohamed Atta and three other 9/11 hijackers as terrorists early in 2000—over a year and a half before the attacks. Two of the program's analysts say they maintained a chart with Atta's name and photograph. The Pentagon says it is searching but has thus far found no chart or other documents specifying named terrorists. Given the gravity of the charges, it is wise to reserve judgment until more facts are in. Two threads bear watching. First, Able Danger officials contend that they were repeatedly blocked by Pentagon lawyers from sharing information with the FBI. If true, this is of a piece with the infamous "wall" the Clinton Justice Department heightened in 1995 to block information-sharing between intelligence and law enforcement. Second, program officials claim to have told the 9/11 Commission about the program's identification of Atta. The commission concedes receiving the information—albeit from yet another analyst, naval officer Scott Phillpott. The commission rejected Phillpott's claims, apparently without much investigation, because they did not jibe with what the commission had already concluded about Atta. Clearly, this whole matter raises new concerns about the reliability of the commission's conclusions. Stay tuned.

ROMAN GENN

See page 6

■ Ohio's Bob Taft was never our favorite governor. Although a Republican, he oversaw steep spending increases and received one of only four failing grades in the Cato Institute's latest fiscal-policy report card. Governor "Taft and Spend" pushed through tax hikes including a "temporary" 20 percent sales-tax increase that he sought to make permanent even after the state's deficit closed. With this record, Taft's greatest asset was his stringent, self-proclaimed code of ethics, but now that's gone too. On August 18, Taft became the first Ohio governor ever convicted of criminal charges, for failing to report $6,000 worth of golf outings and other gifts. While this may seem a trivial offense, Taft had pressured other state officials to resign for similar lapses. And the conviction could not come at a worse time, as the Ohio GOP is enmeshed in a growing scandal over management of a state fund. Taft said he accepts "total responsibility" for his mistake. If so, he should resign, at least creating a possibility that

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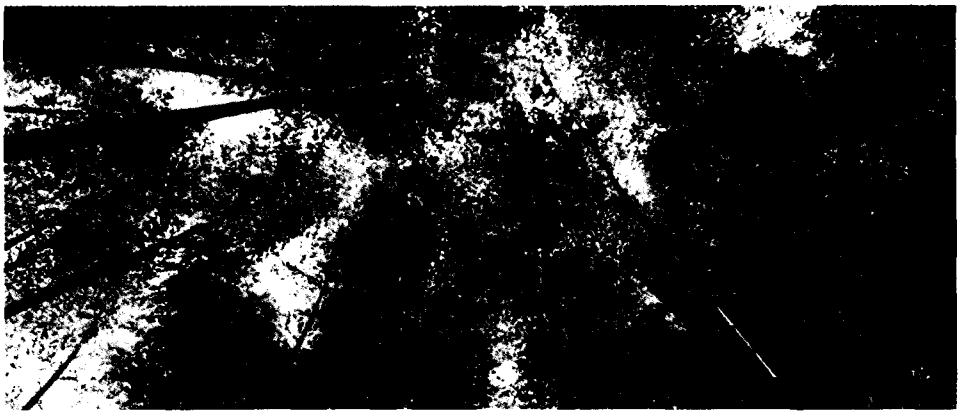

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THE WEEK...

a conservative Republican can run for statewide office without Taft's legacy hanging from his neck.

■ William Weld, Republican governor of Massachusetts from 1991 to 1997, now wants to be governor of New York. If Weld won, he would repeat the feat of Sam Houston in becoming governor of two states (Tennessee and Texas), though how Weld might become president of the independent Republic of New York to complete the parallel is a mystery. One point in Weld's favor is the manner in which he failed to become ambassador to Mexico in 1997. Sen. Jesse Helms blocked the nomination in part because Weld favored medical marijuana. Bravo for Weld. The Mexican interlude highlights one of Weld's weaknesses as governor of Massachusetts, however: his wavering attention to the job. He ran against John Kerry for Senate midway through his second term, then quit with a year left to lobby for the ambassadorship. It's not as if New York is a stranger to bored Republican governors, but they aren't good for the state, or the party.

■ In the teeth of fierce accusations of "racism" and "elitism" by opponents, and with the support of Mayor Shirley Franklin (who is black), the city council of Atlanta has enacted a measure to ban panhandling from a large zone of the city's downtown. This follows several attempts, across many years, to revivify the city center. All such efforts, including the much-promoted Underground Atlanta, were blighted by legions of bothersome beggars. The rationale for tolerating these unfortunates has now been eliminated by the opening of a large welfare facility that provides free food, clothing, bathrooms, and counseling to all comers. Businesses and residents in the designated zone are delighted with the measure. Those outside it are less enthusiastic, fearing that the beggars will now infest *their* streets—a problem to which there is a rather obvious solution. And of course, "advocates for the homeless" are furious, a thing that should put a smile on the face of any civic-minded American.

■ The druggies' drug of choice these days seems to be meth, but the drug warriors' drug of choice is still pot. Dr. Sally Satel, of the American Enterprise Institute, explained why in a recent essay in the *New York Times*. The White House Office of National Drug Control Policy, she says, endorses "the gateway theory of addiction." Since hard-drug users generally start with marijuana, if we crack down on marijuana, hard-drug use will drop. This model does not jibe with her clinical experience, however. As a staff psychiatrist for a methadone clinic in Washington, D.C., Satel has taken the histories of over 500 addicts. "They were staggering under the weight of a chaotic home life, and had dropped out of school, committed petty crimes, and battled depression. These problems, not marijuana, led them to hard drugs." What problems, one wonders—chaotic thought? petty politics?—lead the federal government to ineffective drug policies?

■ In the Iraqi city of Mosul, Faris Yunis Abdullah and two other Sunni election workers were putting up voting posters. The three men were abducted and then publicly murdered by gunmen, one of whom declared: "This is the punishment for those who promote the elections." This, then, is America's challenge in Iraq: to keep that country's future in the hands of its own people, not in those of murderers who fear the ballot box; to build an Iraq that will honor the spirit of these three brave men.

■ The National Prison Rape Elimination Commission (created by the Prison Rape Elimination Act of 2003) held hearings recently in San Francisco. Victims told their stories; stones would weep. "What they took from me went beyond sex," said a 45-year-old software executive who had been raped in jail when he was 17. "They'd stolen my manhood, my identity, and part of my soul." Estimates of the scope of the problem vary, from 10 percent of the nation's inmates raped annually down to 1 percent. But even the latter figure equals 21,000 rape victims a year. The law-abiding might shrug off prison rape on the grounds that they had it coming. Yet jailhouse rapists prey on the young and the weak: criminals who tend to be guilty of lesser offenses. And suppose John Muhammad, the D.C. sniper, were raped on death row? Prisons are not supposed to be holding pens where thugs take it out on each other; in that case, we might subcontract punishment to the mob. The purpose of punishment is to uphold justice, which no rape serves. Diminishing such a pervasive evil is a large task, involving many factors, including a change of the culture of corrections officers. But the law, if it would be true to itself, must address it.

■ The Israeli military evacuated the last Jewish settlers from Gaza. The pathos of their eviction is that they were encouraged by a string of Israeli leaders, including Ariel Sharon in an earlier incarnation, to move to Gaza in the first place. Then the cal-

■ Was there anyone not offended by our August 8 cover of Sen. Charles Schumer as an inquisitor? Marvin Hier of the Simon Wiesenthal Center thought the depiction of Schumer with a prominent nose "would make Julius Streicher proud," while William Donohue of the Catholic League complained of the misappropriation of Catholic imagery. (Who knew that Catholics felt so protective of Torquemada?) Frank Rich of the *New York Times* said we were trying to stoke religious strife, and Leon Wieseltier of *The New Republic* called us paranoid. Now, now. Sometimes a cartoon is just a cartoon. Schumer is a severe and often grossly unfair questioner of Bush judicial nominees, which suggested the inquisitor motif, and as for the nose, our cartoonist Roman Genn (who is Jewish, by the way) has been known to exaggerate the noses of goyim too. Consider a few greatest hits:

Dec. 13, 2004 *June 2, 2003* *Feb. 9, 2004*

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culus of the Israeli government changed. Governments change their minds all the time, of course, and Israel's changes are made by democratically elected leaders. But every policy produces winners and losers; the settlers lost big. It is a tribute to them, and to Israel, that, despite two murderous fanatics and many tears, the evacuation went off peacefully. Could the Arab world manage such a thing? Not so long as their governments are based, like the Palestinian Authority's, on force and fraud.

■ The campaign against terror in Afghanistan and Iraq has scrambled the geopolitical cards far and wide. Previously unthinkable, democracy has now reached Georgia, Kyrgyzstan, and Ukraine, and neighboring China and Russia, two would-be superpowers, don't like the look of it. Both of them worry that the Americans are putting notions of freedom into people's heads, and in particular that the newly established American bases in Central Asia mean that such notions have to be countered sooner rather than later. Hence the joint Russian-Chinese military exercises known as "Peace Mission 2005," a title that in pure old-style Communist-speak has the reverse meaning of We Are Warning You. These exercises are supposedly directed against terrorism, extremism, and separatism, and both countries indeed have to deal with Muslim separatists and terrorists—Chechens in Russia, Uighurs in China. But these exercises will involve a beach landing, and submarines capable of carrying nuclear weapons and cruise missiles—all far removed from domestic counterinsurgency but most suitable for, say, an invasion of Taiwan. The Russians plead that they would never be a party to anything so dangerous, and that their only real interest is persuading the Chinese to spend their newly acquired wealth on Russian military equipment. Maybe. But the military coming together of these two old enemies provides the outline of things to come.

■ Hawaii senator Daniel Akaka, a Democrat, is proposing legislation that would allow native Hawaiians to govern themselves in the same manner as American Indians. Akaka ran into a bit of trouble recently when he acknowledged to NPR one possible outcome of his bill: The natives could secede. We use the term "native" advisedly, because no one seems to know precisely what it means in this context, and in fact the new native interim government would set the definition. Akaka has tried to avoid such details, noting only that areas of contention will be worked out by his great-grandchildren as the native government evolves, which is how he fell into the NPR gaffe in the first place. He later clarified his comments: He does not endorse secession. But the bill is a secession of sorts, and a congressionally mandated one at that: It would create an entity that is not bound by the Constitution, that conducts government-to-government relations with the United States, and that would decide how to organize and rule itself (which could even be by king or by caliphate). Akaka's bill is scheduled for a Senate cloture vote on September 6; it should be decisively rejected.

■ Poor Kofi Annan. It must be so hard to run the world when everyone around you is a crook. There's Benon Sevan, former head of the Oil for Food program, who hightailed it to Cyprus when he was accused of salting away $147,000 in program funds; Aleksandr Yakovlev, former head of the U.N. procurement office, who has pled guilty to conspiracy, wire fraud, and money laundering; Kofi's son Kojo, under investigation for ties to the company that monitored implementation of Oil for Food; and Kofi's brother Kobina, who has been linked to the African businessman behind several of the entities in the scandal. Some spoilsports argue that anyone who presides over a multi-billion-dollar fraud ought to be relieved of his duties, even if he does turn out to be innocent. Then again, how can the secretary-general find time for petty bookkeeping with George W. Bush waging illegal wars hither and yon? Annan has nobly vowed to complete his term and finish the important work of reforming the U.N. He is well underway, insofar as his deputies' disgraced resignations count as a kind of reform.

■ The appointment of Jay Lefkowitz as the new U.S. human-rights envoy for North Korea might be dismissed as an exercise in futility. Kim Jong-Il has built a state apparatus so pathologically cruel, and so isolated from the rest of the world, that it is hard to be sanguine about the idea that North Korea's torture, brainwashing, public executions, gulags, and manmade famines will go away anytime soon. But it is never a futile gesture to call evil, evil; President Bush understands that, and through this appointment he demonstrates it once again. With six-party talks on North Korea's nuclear program expected to begin very soon, it is fitting to remind the world that not everyone at the negotiating table has an equal right to govern.

■ John Paul II founded World Youth Day, a periodic religious gathering, and conditioned us to see such events as Roman Catholic Woodstocks (minus drugs, sex, and most of the mud). Benedict XVI, attending his first such event in Cologne, drew a million faithful, even though he is no rock star. His offstage activities while he was in Germany showed his particular forte, which is laying down intellectual markers. In a meeting with Jews at Cologne's synagogue, he warned of "the rise of new signs of anti-Semitism," while in a meeting with Muslims he called terrorism "the darkness of a new barbarism." Words fitly spoken, all of them. Even as his predecessor was vitally involved in the struggle with Communism, so Benedict XVI correctly identifies the most pressing political threats to Europe, and to civilization.

■ We are told ad nauseam that European diplomacy is superior to George W. Bush's "unilateralism." Since naming Iran part of the Axis of Evil, the unilateralist has acted in fine multilateral fashion, backing Europe's efforts to bribe the mullahs into pacifism. The fruits of that labor are now clear: In recent weeks, Iran has resumed uranium conversion at Isfahan, threatened to begin uranium enrichment at Natanz, "elected" a president who calls for "a wave of Islamic revolution," and continued to destabilize Iraq. The International Atomic Energy Agency demands that Iran suspend its nuclear activities, or else . . . precisely. You can almost hear the laughter from Tehran. A new approach is needed, and it must center on American resolve rather than European appeasement. We should push for economic sanctions (China and Russia will object, but let us embarrass them—and the U.N.—by forcing the question); try to ban Iran from international cultural and

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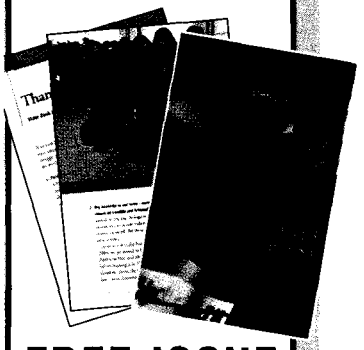

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Every four years, America goes to the polls to elect a president, which invariably leads to complaints about how we choose our nation's leader—a process that begins with the inordinate political and media attention given to the New Hampshire primary and Iowa caucuses.

Last year was no different. Not long after the final votes were tallied, Democratic activists in both Michigan and a bloc of states west of the Mississippi River lobbied to move their states to the front of the primary process, to undermine the influence of Iowa and New Hampshire. **Such reform is long overdue and worthy of serious consideration by both major parties.**

Although there are positive aspects to voting early in Iowa and New Hampshire—the high turnout, the smaller electorates that afford a more personal style of "retail" politics—the two states are not the best barometers of national sentiment. They both lack diversity (both are predominantly white). Candidates far too often resort to pandering—farm, ethanol, and heating-oil subsidies—that is beneath the dignity of the office. As for the media, returning to the same two states every four years makes for lazy journalism.

Moreover, the two states are lousy at predicting the November winner; George W. Bush, in 2000, was the only nonincumbent to win the presidency and the Iowa caucuses, whereas his father, in 1988, was the only nonincumbent to win the New Hampshire primary and go on to the Oval Office.

How, then, do we fix the presidential nomination process? Try leading off with at least two states that represent the middle of the political spectrum as defined by the previous national election. To do this, divide the fifty states according to popular vote and find the handful of states in which the winning candidate barely lost or won. If applied to last November's results, these states would be Ohio (the median), Colorado, Iowa, Nevada, and New Mexico. Iowa, however, should be eliminated because of its lack of diversity and being too rural.

This would leave the parties with more intriguing campaign terrains. Nevada, for example, is a traditionally conservative state whose politics are changing owing to Las Vegas's population influx. Colorado offers a similar political mosaic. Its capital city, Denver, has a majority minority population. Although a reliably Republican "red" state in presidential years, it elected a Democrat to the U.S. Senate last fall. The state is also home to both conservative and liberal activism, ranging from abortion and affirmative action to Ward Churchill, the controversial University of Colorado professor.

The main advantage of this new primary system is novelty. No one state would dominate the proceedings, as do New Hampshire and Iowa now. Every four years, the parties would be looking at a mostly new set of states (twenty years ago, by contrast, the electoral "median" states were Delaware, Michigan, Missouri, and Vermont). This offers the potential for new campaign tactics and fresher media coverage.

In presidential politics, as in life, a change of scenery can be a good thing.

—Bill Whalen

Bill Whalen is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution.

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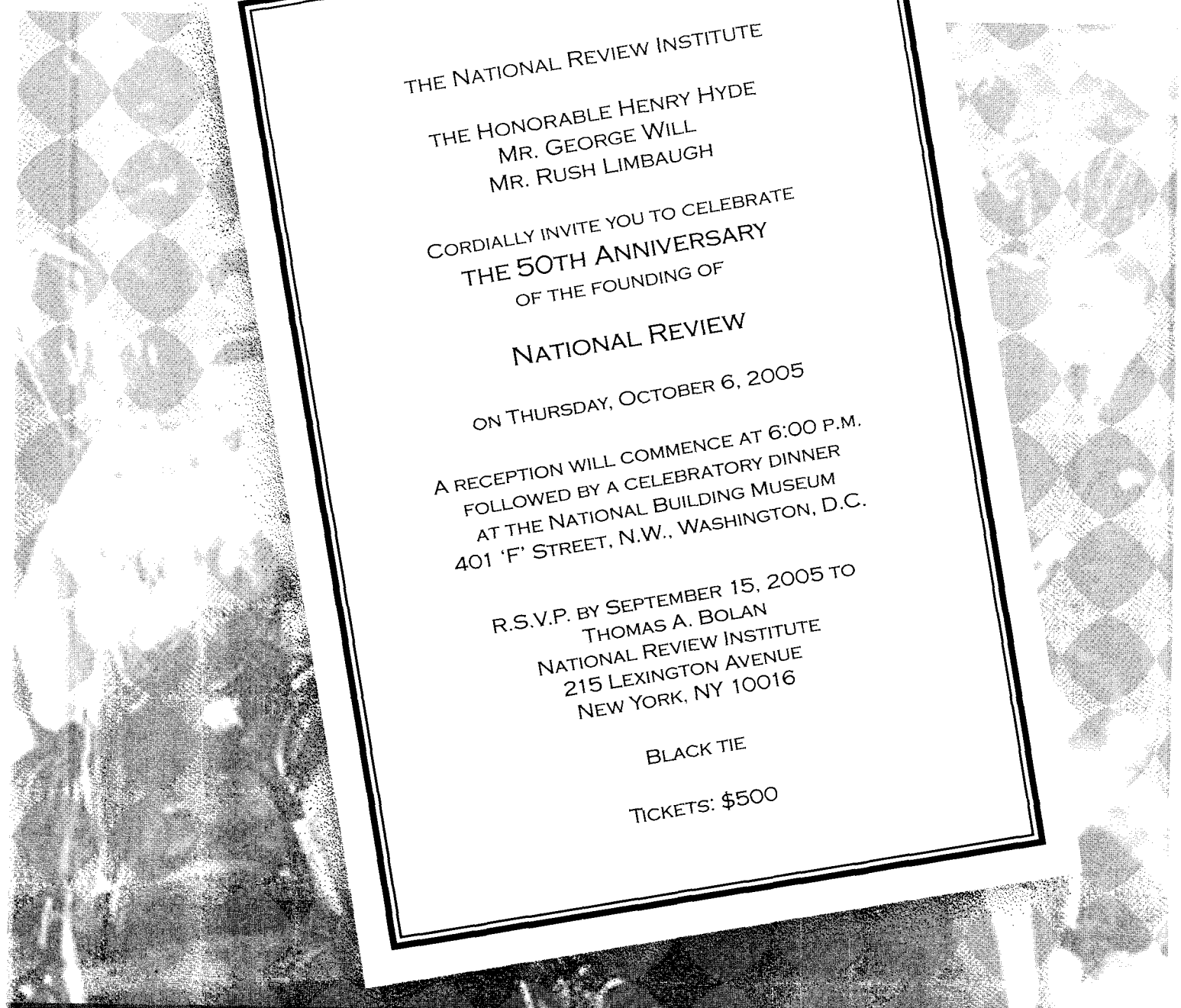

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Time flies when you're making history. Can it be—50 years!—since a young and charismatic Bill Buckley launched the magazine that would reject the establishment, counter prevailing ideologies, restore the call for first principles, brashly tip over liberal sacred cows, alter the face of American politics, and lay the groundwork for helping bring about the Reagan Revolution and the eventual collapse of Communism?

George Will said it best: "It is simply the case that *National Review* is the most consequential journal of opinion ever." It has been so, it remains so, and we at the National Review Institute are confident that *NR* will continue to be so for the next 50 years.

At this historic moment, at this traditional point to stop and reflect—and to revel with as many friends and comrades as possible!—The National Review Institute is inviting the loyal readers and subscribers of Mr. Buckley's beloved fortnightly to join him and the editors, staff, and friends of America's premier opinion journal at a grand Celebratory Dinner in Washington, D.C., on the evening of October 6th, at the beautiful National Building Museum, as we stand athwart history and yell "Happy Birthday!" to *National Review*.

We hope you will be there to enjoy the festivities. Seating is limited: Please use the form below to reserve yours at what is certain to be an affair to remember—the Event of the Year to honor the premier magazine of the last (and the next) 50.

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THE WEEK...

sporting events; and massively increase our aid to the Iranian pro-democracy groups that seek to topple the mullahs from below. Let us hope, also, that President Bush is serious when he says that all options are on the table.

■ It is hard for the visitor to Italy to avoid the impression of a country not well run, perhaps even a sort of First World failed state in the making. These dark thoughts were reinforced recently when Standard and Poor's downgraded the country's sovereign debt from AA- (stable) to AA- (negative), following a banking scandal in which Antonio Fazio, governor-for-life of the Bank of Italy, seems to have been playing favorites in a commercial-bank merger. Italy's regulatory environment has apparently not improved much since the 2003 Parmalat scandal. The only bright spot our gifted multilingual reporter could locate in all this gloom was the name of the journalist writing about it for Rome's *Il Messaggero* newspaper: Barbara Jerkov. There are of course many Jerkovs in U.S. journalism, too; but to the best of our knowledge, they all post their copy under pseudonyms.

■ The NCAA has declared that it will begin banning schools from using "hostile" or "abusive" nicknames and logos during post-season sporting events, in an effort to force some 18 colleges and universities to drop team names such as the Braves and the Indians. Unfortunately, the athletic association didn't bother to look past the views of self-appointed tribal activists, each one a specialist in politically correct grievance-mongering. Instead, the NCAA could have canvassed the opinions of ordinary American Indians. According to a *Sports Illustrated* poll, more than three-quarters of them don't object to these monikers—and many actually embrace the team names, just as Irish Americans have adopted Notre Dame and its Fighting Irish. In the wake of the NCAA's decision, for instance, the Saginaw Chippewa tribe issued a statement blasting any "outside entity" that sought to disrupt its "rich relationship" with Central Michigan University, whose teams are called the Chippewas. Florida State University, home of the Seminoles, has saved its nickname by threatening legal action against the NCAA. Part of the screwiness of the NCAA's new policy is that it exempts the University of North Carolina at Pembroke—for more than 20 percent of its students are themselves Indians, and eligible to play on teams called the Braves. That nickname, of course, honors martial courage. The NCAA, by contrast, has provided us with a profile in cowardice.

■ Hunter S. Thompson, the counterculture's favorite writer, who shuffled off this mortal coil six months ago by firing a bullet into his drug-addled brain, has finally been laid to rest in an appropriately eccentric style. Thompson's ashes were shot into the sky by a rocket over his Colorado farm, then very effectively scattered with the aid of red, white, and blue fireworks. Among those present for the show was historian Douglas Brinkley, who declared Thompson to have been "the Billy the Kid of American literature," sociopathy being regarded with awed admiration in these circles. The world of politics was represented by boomer idols John Kerry and George McGovern. The distribution of Mr. Thompson's remains was only the high point of a day-long celebration of countercultural idiocy, with Bob Dylan wailing from speakers, an oration delivered in Tibetan, and a 153-foot monument decorated with a Day-Glo peyote button "visible for miles around." Dear God, will the Sixties never be over?

■ To the history of high culture in the land of *l'art pour l'art*, add this episode: In Strasbourg's Palais de la Musique, the German conductor Volker Hartung mounted the podium to lead his orchestra in an encore, gave the downbeat—and was promptly dragged from the stage by French police. His supposed offense was to employ performers from Eastern Europe without work permits. In fact, Hartung had been granted a collective permit for his band, but it had been withdrawn at the last minute, in a manner probably illegal, when it was too late to cancel the performance. That he was guilty of no crime is evident from the fact that he was never charged with one; but the French musicians union, which protects its members from competition with a socialistic zeal that makes the AFL-CIO look like the Club for Growth, pressured the police into arresting him anyway. Meanwhile, two Frenchmen sit in a smoky café and snicker about American philistinism.

■ "Oompah Loompah doompadee doo, I've got a perfect puzzle for you." Thus sang the cute little Oompah Loompahs in the 1971 Gene Wilder movie *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*. The puzzle is, why anyone would go through life pretending to have played the part of an Oompah Loompah, when in fact he had not done so. Mr. Ezzy Dame of Reno, Nev., who stands a proud 4 feet tall, dined out for 30 years on reminiscences of having been one of the Oompah Loompahs. Now he has been unmasked as an oompostor. An actor who really did play one of the ten Oompah Loompahs, alerted to Mr. Dame's claims, has denied them, and Mr. Dame has confessed his deception, though he blames his agent for having egged him on. One has to feel some sympathy for the poor fellow. Who amongst us has never been seized by the temptation to embroider his résumé a little? We snatch what scraps of glory we can from life as we pass through, and to have sung "Oompah Loompah doompadee doo" to many millions of entranced children would be glory enough to tempt anyone.

■ Is there a doctor in the house? There is certainly a doctor in our house: Richard Brookhiser, our longtime senior editor and shining scribe, was awarded an honorary doctorate by Washington College, in Chestertown, Md. Rick is, of course, the author of a

BUG-OUT FEVER

It started with Benedict Arnold,
Afflicted Jane Fonda, and now
The usual ninnies are having
Another—call Surgery—cow.
In heat that would suit an iguana,
They picket the president's ranch,
Though Howard's been mercifully muzzled
Lest prairie dogs, terrified, blanch.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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biography of George Washington—and of books on Hamilton, the Adamses, and other figures as well. The way we see it, he has many more honorary degrees to go. But we ourselves have long honored him, and congratulate Washington College on its judgment and taste.

■ Our country's educational system has lost a gem with the recent death of Johns Hopkins University professor Julian Stanley. For much of his life, he stood like a rock against the wayward currents of the educational establishment. While PC-driven school systems were fretting over the self-esteem of their students, dumbing down their curricula, and celebrating mediocrity, Stanley stuck up for academic excellence by tirelessly researching, advocating, and overseeing programs for intellectually gifted children. He was not afraid to acknowledge and encourage the beautiful and extraordinary talents that set some people apart from others. Julian Stanley himself was a man apart. R.I.P.

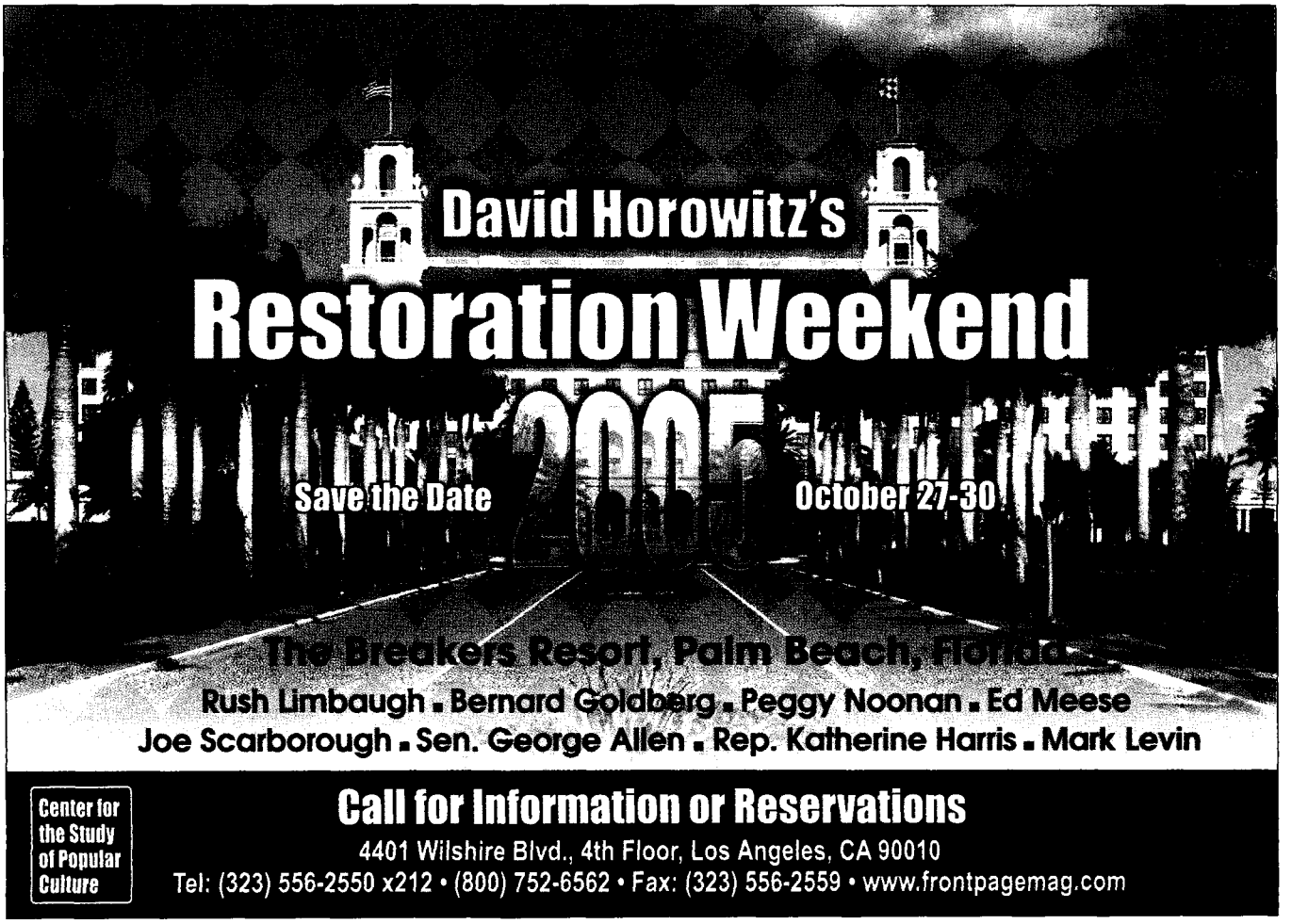
IMMIGRATION

Enforcement First

FOR the first time since the Republican Revolution ten years ago, the politics of immigration is shifting in favor of those favoring tighter laws. On August 12, New Mexico governor Bill Richardson, a Democrat, became the first of two border-state governors—Arizona Democrat Janet Napolitano quickly joined him—to declare disaster areas on the border. David Brooks of the *New York Times*—a neoconservative not known for his worry about the border—recently bewailed how illegal immigrants are "spreading a sub-culture of criminality" and "destroying the social fabric." Tamar Jacoby of the Manhattan Institute, a stalwart apologist for immigration from Mexico, has said tougher enforcement has to be part of any new immigration legislation. John Fund of the anti-enforcement *Wall Street Journal* says Bush has a "vulnerability" on immigration. Indeed, when Democrats can outflank Bush on immigration with the flimsiest of symbolic measures—the declarations of emergency will do nothing but provide some more money to the affected counties—he has left his opponents a spectacular opening.

Fortunately for the GOP—if not for the country—Democrats don't really have the stomach for crossing the ethnic lobbies on immigration. Richardson and Napolitano are talking tough, but still defend policies like giving illegals in-state tuition and driver's licenses that erode the difference between being a citizen and being an illegal alien.

The question is where the GOP goes under the leadership of President Bush. There are three basic approaches under consideration in Congress. The McCain-Kennedy bill has little in the way of enforcement and would give illegals an amnesty by calling them "temporary workers." Sens. Jon Kyl and John Cornyn,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two of the lawmakers we respect most, have a better, competing bill that includes meaningful enforcement measures with a tighter temporary-worker program. But as Mark Krikorian argues elsewhere in this issue, our already-overwhelmed immigration system does not have the capacity to deal with its current responsibilities—there is a 4.5 million–person backlog in immigration applications—let alone to administer a massive, complicated new temporary-worker program. Supporters of both these proposals trade barbs about which is more "realistic," but neither is workable.

It may be that eventually we'll need a way to regularize some of the 11 million illegal aliens already in the country and a way to bring Mexican workers here on a temporary basis. But that shouldn't happen until we make a more serious effort to control the border. Which brings us to a bill sponsored by Rep. Tom Tancredo. It would set benchmarks for enforcement—on the border and among employers who hire illegals—before a temporary-worker program goes into effect. This would avoid the bait-and-switch of the 1986 amnesty law, which promised increased enforcement that never came. It would attempt to reduce the problem of illegal immigration to manageable levels before trying anything that might make the problem even worse—the history of amnesties and guest-worker programs is that they encourage more border crossings.

For this bill to have any chance, President Bush would have to defer his support for a temporary-worker program. We admire Bush's courage when it comes to taking on heavy political lifts, whether it be Iraq or Social Security. By aligning himself with tougher enforcement, he could for once adopt a widely popular initiative. And do the right thing. Congress has authorized money for 10,000 more immigration-control agents, but so far Bush has hired only 200-something. This lax attitude represents not just a great political weakness, but a failing of his fundamental responsibility as chief executive to enforce the nation's laws. If he serves out the rest of his presidency satisfied with this baleful status quo, it will be a blight on his record hard to forget.

AT WAR

Two Sheehans

A GRAVE makes a painful and unignorable podium. Cindy Sheehan made bad use of the grave of her son, Spc. Casey Sheehan, for the weeks she camped outside President Bush's ranch in Crawford, Texas.

Grief can give one a right to speak, or add force to what one says. "I was the man," wrote Walt Whitman, "I suffered, I was there." But arguments and advice must then make their way on their own. Both the Gettysburg Address and the Declaration of Independence invoke grief; the Declaration also summons rage ("a prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant . . ."). But then they make their cases for war, independence, and freedom.

Here are some of the cases Cindy Sheehan has been making. "You get America out of Iraq and Israel out of Palestine, and you'll stop the terrorism." "Just what was the noble cause Casey [Sheehan] died for? Was it freedom and democracy? Bullsh**! He died for oil. He died to make [President Bush's] friends richer. He died to expand American imperialism in the Middle East." "America has been killing people . . . since we first stepped on this continent; we have been responsible for death and destruction. I passed on that bullsh** to my son, and my son enlisted. I'm going all over the country telling moms: This country is not worth dying for." These are the rants of the Noam Chomsky, MoveOn Left, channeled by a bereaved mother, but no less false or dishonorable for that.

The mainstream media embraced Mrs. Sheehan because they want a story in August, and they want a liberal story anytime. Some bigfeet (e.g., Frank Rich) consider it scandalous that conservative radio hosts and bloggers have had the effrontery to quote what she has said. They wanted pure street theater in the desert, a combination of *Miss Saigon*, *Angels in America*, and reality TV that would be an occasion for frictionless attitudinizing. Better they cover shark attacks and murders in Aruba; the only damage that does is to our wits.

Mainstream Democrats have a sickly relation to Mrs. Sheehan, even as they do to the hard antiwar Left. They toy with her—Elizabeth Edwards, wife of John, supports "Cindy Sheehan's right to be heard"; to their credit, most of them do not talk the talk spontaneously; but since they seem to have nothing else to say, they let it pass. This is not just an effect of the Iraq war. On the eve of the 2002 elections, liberal senator Paul Wellstone, his wife, his daughter, and three aides were killed in a plane crash. Activists turned the funeral into a hysterical tent meeting *cum* political rally. The mind of a major party is a terrible thing to waste.

But neither the mainstream media, nor mainstream liberalism, nor the far Left, is ultimately responsible for the Crawford circus. Mrs. Sheehan is an adult, who met with President Bush after her son died, had a conversion experience, then demanded to meet with him again. Her son, Casey Sheehan, was another adult, who enlisted in the Army, then re-enlisted, then was killed in action. They chose their lives. Spc. Sheehan's choice deserves our gratitude, and our respect.

AT WAR II

Birth Pains

As we go to press, Iraqi negotiators are still working on arriving at a constitutional compromise acceptable to all parties. The current draft tips toward the creation of a federal state and gives Islamic law a greater say than previously in family matters, possibly curtailing women's rights; but the language about Islam being "a main source for legislation" mirrors a similar provision in the Afghan constitution, which didn't usher in a new version of the Taliban. The Iraqi document also contains numerous guarantees of individual rights, making it the most liberal constitution in the Middle East.

That's on paper. What it actually means, given contradictory passages and deliberately vague provisions, will have to be

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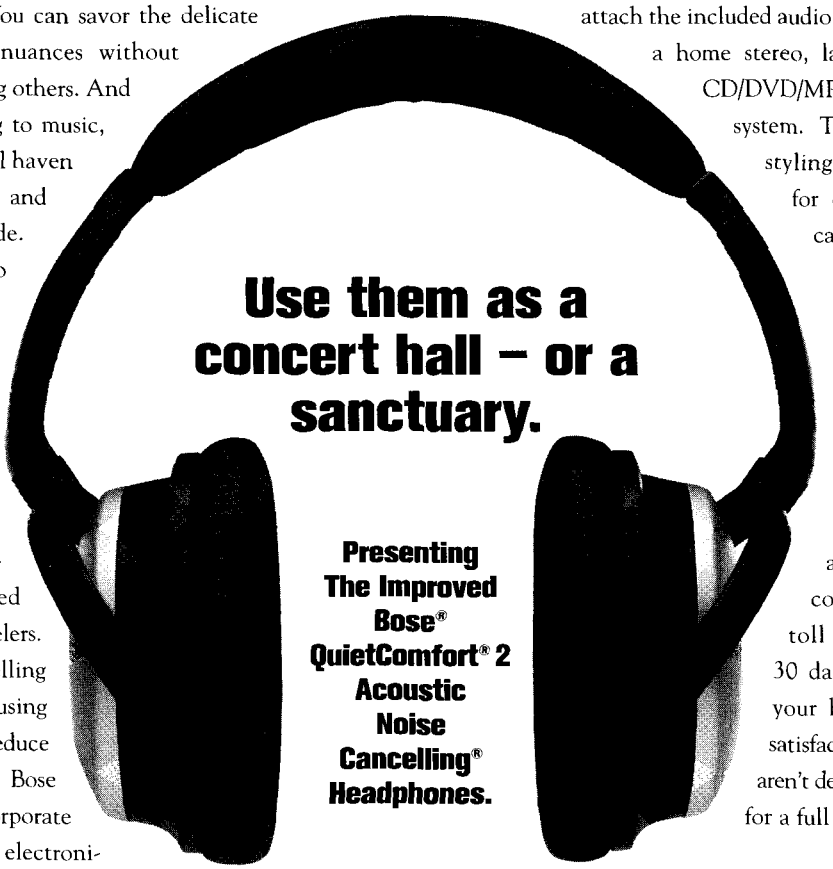

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worked out in practice. How much power, for instance, experts in Sharia law who sit on the supreme court actually have will be a key determinant of the nature of the new Iraqi state. The immediate imperative is to attempt to get the Sunnis on board the draft, although they weren't part of recent negotiations. They prefer a more centralized government, since if the Kurds and Shia go their own ways, they will be left with a dusty little rump state. Given the murderous Sunni insurgency, it is tempting to tell them to pound sand, but a Sunni rejection of the charter could tip the country further toward all-out civil war.

There has been much consternation in the U.S. over women's rights and the role of Islam in the constitution. How could President Bush, the critics ask, promise democracy and then countenance such an illiberal constitution? But he always said it would be democracy with Iraqi characteristics, and not all of those characteristics are going to be palatable to Western liberals. Iraq is in many ways still a traditional Islamic society. Saddam maintained a nominally secular state only on the basis of violence. And even Saddam, as the appeal of Baathism waned after the 1991 Persian Gulf War, had given more authority to the traditional supports of Iraqi society, the tribes and the clerics. The trick for the U.S. is to nudge Iraqi governance in a more representative and pluralistic direction without so offending the sensibilities of religious Iraqis as to prompt a backlash that undoes everything. It is a tightrope the administration has walked as well as can be expected.

As with so much else in Iraq, it is impossible to evaluate the constitution reasonably without a strong dose of realism. What can we still realistically expect in Iraq? Plenty. Most important, a government that doesn't threaten us or its neighbors. One that doesn't harbor terrorists or produce WMDs. That doesn't commit gross human-rights violations and that is basically representative. If the center can hold in Iraq, our intervention there will continue to have a positive ripple effect in the region, influencing its geopolitics in our favor. All of this would justify both the original invasion to topple Saddam and the effort to forge a replacement government.

In the crucial months ahead, the U.S. has to refocus its efforts in Iraq. The rest of the U.S. government often doesn't seem as engaged as the Army and the Marine Corps. Ambassador Zalmay Khalilzad's indispensable work brokering the constitution demonstrates how scandalous it was that the administration didn't have an ambassador in Iraq for months after the January election, a period when the political process lost momentum. The electricity meltdown still cries for obsessive attention from someone in the U.S. government of the sort that Paul Bremer gave it when he was in Iraq. The Pentagon, shockingly, still hasn't gotten control of its own procurement process when it comes to providing troops armored vehicles and body armor. Even if it seems we are banging our head against the wall, it is still worth reminding our allies of the stakes for all the world if we fail in Iraq and finding ways for them to help.

All of this is crucially important right now because we are already on the downward slope of the curve when it comes to our influence in Iraq, which will diminish naturally with time as Iraqis take more day-to-day control of their own destiny. Indeed, there is no ignoring a natural limit to our commitment. Iraqi tolerance for a foreign occupying army will tend to decrease over time. American public support for the war—already sagging—will obviously not be inexhaustible. Nor will the strain on the military of a 140,000-strong presence in Iraq, with third tours approaching for some units and army recruiting suffering, be sustainable in perpetuity.

We have given Iraqis a chance at a better future. Eventually, it will be up to them to make of it—their country, their politics, their constitution—what they will.

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notes & asides

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Dorothy McCartney

We've been getting some mail, some quite interesting, asking you to expand on your letter published in the *New York Times*. To remind you, here is that part of your letter about which these readers are curious:

> The reviewer closes down even on acts of imagination that sustain the narrative. "Gus, a young deep-cover agent who jokingly calls Oakes 'Dad.'" But you see, in the preceding novel, Gus appears on the scene precisely as the son of Blackford. They are engaged in an extensive CIA operation in the Soviet Union. Obviously, he called him "Dad." In the spy world, if a young American visitor undertakes an imposture as the son of a senior American visitor, he is going to call him Dad. If he continues to call him that in a subsequent novel, is that a joke? Or even jokey? But it is nice that

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Mr. Rubin regrets the end of the series, even if he rejects my antonomasia.

Memo to: Dorothy
From: WFB

Dorothy: The episode takes me back 30 years. I quote the relevant passage from my book, *Overdrive*, pages 49–52.

A dreadful episode, though I acknowledge that my more disreputable friends found it awfully funny. It was several years ago and I was on the Merv Griffin program to announce the publication of my most recent book, which I attempt routinely to turn into a national holiday. The other guests certainly completed the spectrum. They were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murray—after Terpsichore, the principal sponsors of modern dance; a young woman—a movie producer; and—well, here is how I wrote it in my column: ". . . a rock-ballad singer, envelopingly warm, talented Pat Boone–type who sings songs about father-son relationships."

My office, confused by the balance of my text and unable to reach me as I had flown off to the Fiji Islands, cut out the word "type" so as to leave it as, merely, "Pat Boone." This was consistent with the balance of the column, in which, secure in the knowledge that such a literary convention existed, I had referred only to "Pat Boone," even as one might write, say, "The Californians that year elected a Robin Hood–type as governor. The moment Robin Hood reached Sacramento, he came out for a wild program of redistribution. . . ." I didn't know that that device was called "antonomasia," as Hugh Kenner wrote to inform me.

Not that knowing would have kept me out of trouble.

I had gone on to describe what "Pat Boone" had said on Merv Griffin's program about the activity in which the woman producer was engaged. What was *her* line?

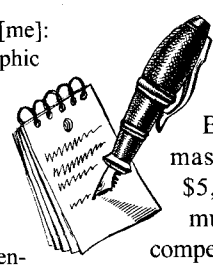
> Well, [I wrote] she produces and directs porno flicks. The hard stuff. She looks rather like Kay Kendall. How old are you, dear? Twenty-three. What religion were you brought up in? Catholic. Still practice your religion? Well—tee hee—no, not really, don't go to church much. Did you go to college? Yes, Michigan State. Graduate? Yes. Major? Phys. Ed. What made you go into . . . porn movies? Wanted to get into the business, and worked for a while as a cashier at a movie house that featured X-rated movies, so got interested in the business, asked around, and went to Hollywood. Do you make . . . all . . . kinds of . . . films? No, we don't go into, well, bestiality, sado-masochism, that sort of thing. Just, you know, the regular stuff, only, in a way, you know, we try to experiment, new positions, that sort of thing.

After that paragraph I had written:

> Pat Boone came in and said he thought it was all a pretty good idea. He and his wife had an X-rated film which they showed on their home videocassette system, and he thought it was very healthy, after all we're all part animal, and we have animal instincts, and what's wrong with recognizing anything that obvious?

I had, on Merv's show, contributed at that point something to the effect that it was also an animal instinct to eat other animals, but we don't make movies about people eating other people.

> And Merv said to the author [me]: Have you ever seen a pornographic film? "Sure," the author said, "I've done a lot of reprehensible things." The audience, I noted, hadn't liked that very much—
>
> That did it. What was so reprehensible about it: I mean, here's a sweet young thing, 23, Phys. Ed. from Michigan State, making the kind of movies that Pat Boone and his wife show in the privacy of their living room, so what's so bad about that?



I was calmly scuba diving in the Fijis when that column hit the fan. Someone close to Griffin read it when it arrived in mimeographed form at the *Los Angeles Times* and telephoned my office in New York to ask how was it that I had mistaken the singer John Davidson for Pat Boone? Frances Bronson called Harry Elmlark, who sent telegrams to 300 newspapers. Half the clients made the correction in time, but others did not. The first call awaiting me on my return to New York was from Pat Boone's lawyer.

After it was all settled I had a letter from Pat Boone which is surely one of the most lugubrious ever composed. "I appreciate your letter of November 20, and your expression of concern. I don't think you can have any idea of how this article has wreaked havoc in my life. I'm getting letters from all over the country from irate and terribly grieved people, most of them in the Evangelical Christian community, who feel that I am a hypocrite, a traitor, and worse. . . . We've only got a partial tally so far, but it appears the column ran in almost every place I've ever called a 'hometown,' including my birthplace of Jacksonville, Florida, and folks by the thousands, at least, must now be quite convinced that I have pornographic films at home, and that Shirley and I sit around drooling at them in the evenings. The terrible irony of this is that I was the *only entertainer* who came out in favor of Proposition 18, the anti-pornography measure on our ballot in 1974, and earned the disfavor of the whole entertainment community. . . ."

I was terribly grieved at the hurt I had done him. His lawyer said it would not have made a substantial difference if the column had retained the qualifier "type" after the first mention of "Pat Boone." (Ignorant of antonomasia? That will be a fine of $5,000!) Five thou was how much money I had to send to compensate the lawyer. I confess that when I wrote out the check, I permitted myself, just that one time, to reflect, with a wink ever so discreet, on one of the clippings I had been sent. It was in the White Plains daily, featured a large picture of Pat in a most pious posture, head slightly downturned on the stage. The caption? *"At night he watches the pornies."* Oh dear. As Hugh Kenner tells me, and I do not tire of repeating, "Newspapers are low-definitional instruments. Never rely for the exact meaning of what you wish to say on the correct placement of a comma."

—WFB

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■ ESSAY ■

Hating America, Hating Humanity

Yup, that's what they do—especially the intellectuals

PAUL JOHNSON

ANTI-AMERICANISM is a phenomenon which, though common and ubiquitous, is difficult to explain because it is illogical, irrational, contradictory, and mysteriously primitive. A good deal of it is parroting. And, oddly enough, a parrot has recently emerged in England which may cast light on the subject. This bird had been owned by a long-distance truck driver who emigrated, bequeathing it to a bird sanctuary. There it behaved well; but there were exceptions. In succession, a local mayor, wearing his chain of office, a police inspector, and a female vicar—all visitors to the sanctuary—were subjected to four-letter verbal abuse. The manager of the place eventually concluded that the parrot had been trained by its owner to abuse authority figures, and recognized them by something distinctive in their dress.

The United States, in a lawless and dangerous world where the U.N. cannot impose order—in fact sometimes makes disorder worse—has become a reluctant authority figure, a stepfather or foster parent to a dysfunctional and violent family. As such, it is resented and abused, all the more so since it wears the uniform of its role, the ability to project military power in overwhelming strength almost everywhere in the world. The fact that, in logic, America's critics may be grateful to a nation which, in the past as in the present, has been essential to their liberty and well-being by resisting and overcoming totalitarianism, or suppressing threats to civil society by terrorism, makes no difference to the resentment; may even intensify it.

The people among whom anti-Americanism is most rife, who articulate it and set the tone of the venom, are the intellectuals. They ought logically to hold America in the highest regard, for none depend more completely on the freedom of speech and writing which America upholds, or would suffer more grievously if the enemies against whom America struggles were to triumph and rule or misrule the world. Indeed, many of the most violently anti-American intellectuals benefit directly and personally from America's existence, since their books, plays, music, and other creations enjoy favor on the huge American market, and dollar royalties form a large part of their income. But it is a fact that intellectuals are fundamentally and incorrigibly antinomian. To them, authority, especially if legitimate and benign, is the enemy-in-chief, to be resisted instinctively as a threat to their "freedom," even if such authority ultimately makes it possible. You might think that some of these intellectuals—British, French, German for instance—who have been particularly abusive of the U.S. would renounce their American royalties. But not one has done so. When I put this point to a leading author, famous alike for his American following and his anti-American views, I was sharply told: "I regard such gestures as childishly quixotic."

Not only among intellectuals but among a much wider circle, anti-Americanism has a tone of outraged morality which strikes me as peculiarly perverse. It is notable among those, particularly in France, Germany, the Netherlands, and Scandinavia, who profess concern for the well-being of the world (as opposed to the national interest of their countries). These "lovers of humanity" are peculiarly anti-American. Yet what is the United States? It is, so far, the world's only unqualified success in building on the largest possible scale a multiracial society. Every culture in the world is represented in the U.S., usually in considerable numbers. To take in the peoples of the world is not only a U.S. tradition but a current and future reality. Some of the most successful U.S. communities—the Koreans, the Lebanese, the Vietnamese, and the Cubans—are quite recent creations. Immigration from all over our planet is a major factor in pushing America's population over the 300 million mark and, according to the latest projection, will raise U.S. population to 420 million by mid-century. America comes much closer to the realization of world brother-and-sisterhood than that corrupt and soulless abstraction, the United Nations. Indeed the United States is a practical and on the whole prosperous and contented celebration of the essential unity of the planet. To hate America is thus not to hate a particular nation as such, but to hate humanity. And of course it is a melancholy fact that many intellectuals do hate the human race. My definition of an intellec-

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Mr. Johnson's latest book is *George Washington: The Founding Father.*

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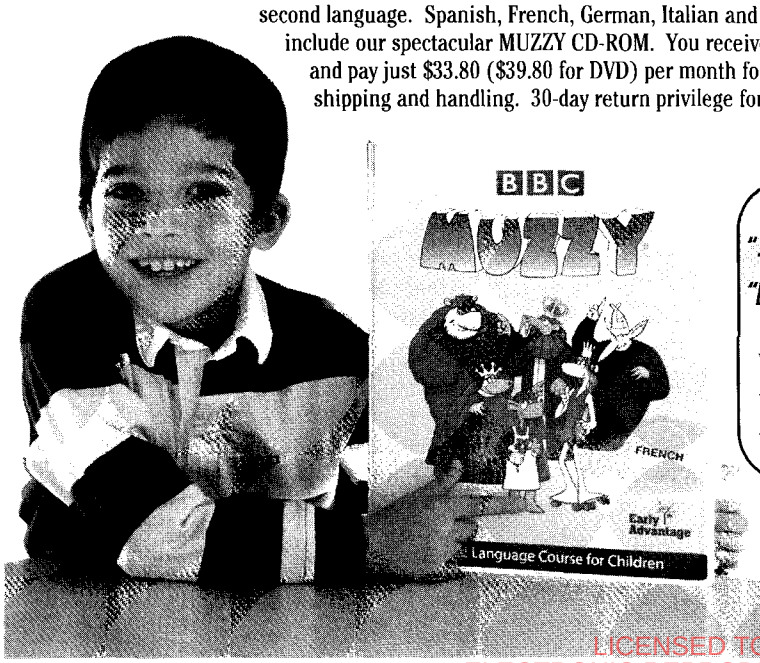

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tual is someone who thinks ideas matter more than people.

In this confused spasm of irrationality which is anti-Americanism, there is a process of personification which has currently settled on the necessarily lonely figure of George W. Bush. He is much hated among the European intelligentsia, and there are frequent calls for his prosecution as a war criminal, especially among those who took the mass atrocities of a Saddam Hussein or a Pol Pot with equanimity, not to say indifference. And the reason for this is simple, and much to Mr. Bush's credit: To an anti-American, he is the archetype, the quintessential American. He is Mr. America, America personified, even caricatured. He brings out all the envy, fear, and emotional anxiety which lies at the root of the anti-American disease. He is good-looking, upright, a Texan, a man of wealth and self-assurance. He is not by nature talkative, does not articulate abstract thoughts or concern himself with fine distinctions. He sees the world in black-and-white terms, with clear and absolute differences between good and evil, right and wrong. He worships God. He is a Ten Commandments man. He does not meet trouble halfway and is slow to anger, but when roused his anger is terrible and enduring. His personal life centers around the family, an institution European intellectuals view with unease and marked qualifications, not to say distaste. He does not dance effortlessly on the sacramental turf of the campus, or fit into the smoke-filled culture of the basement café, or find books axiomatically preferable to the saddle. Does he read poetry to relax, or study philosophy as a hobby, or worship Picasso? No. All this adds up to a terrible indictment.

Mr. Bush enables the more bigoted and inveterate anti-Americans—those for whom anti-Americanism is a culture, almost a way of life—to concentrate their feelings on a real-life actual hate figure. Bush is exactly what the clinical-case anti-American believes the average American is, must be, and, in the weird logic of demonology, ought to be. The Americans elected him. Well, they would, wouldn't they? He *is* America. Anti-Americanism and Bush hatred are part of the same paranoid emotion. But the obverse is also true. In a difficult time, Bush is America's natural leader. **NR**

■ THE NATION

Cindy's Movement

Is this what the antiwar people really want?

BYRON YORK

In mid-August, the liberal Internet organizing group MoveOn.org sponsored a series of candlelight vigils across the country to support Cindy Sheehan, the woman camped outside President Bush's Texas ranch to protest her son's death in Iraq. As part of the effort, MoveOn offered what might be called pre-fab vigil kits to would-be protesters who wanted to project an organized and professional image. There were signs, pre-designed to be printed out poster size, that read MOMS FOR PEACE and MEET WITH CINDY. And there was a "sample media advisory," a press release that the leaders of local MoveOn protests could send to newspapers and TV and radio stations:

> Mothers in [YOUR TOWN] to President Bush: Meet With Mother Whose Son Was Killed In Iraq
>
> Candlelight vigil in front of [YOUR LOCATION]
>
> [YOUR CITY] — Local mothers, family members of fallen soldiers, and other concerned citizens will hold a vigil in [CITY] in support of Cindy Sheehan . . .

Just fill in the blanks and you've got yourself a protest. The release even contained a heartfelt, pre-written quote that declared, "'Many of us have children in Iraq and have the same questions as Cindy,' said [XXXX], [CITY] MoveOn member."

MoveOn's click-and-protest vigil raised a question: Are the group's antiwar demonstrations a natural, organic outgrowth of increasing disapproval of the war? Or are they the product of a relatively small core of antiwar organizers determined to make their movement appear more significant than it is?

The same could be asked of the antiwar movement as a whole. Certainly MoveOn's vigils—the organization says there were 1,627 of them on August 17—were relatively small affairs. Fifty thousand people were said to have registered to take part nationwide, with MoveOn estimating that the number who actually showed up might have been somewhat higher. For a national event, it wasn't very big. And the Sheehan protest, for all the attention it has received in the press, is downright tiny. Indeed, today—with setbacks in Iraq and a death toll of U.S. troops inching toward the 2,000 mark—the striking thing is that the antiwar movement is not bigger than it is. Instead, the movement is deeply divided, lacking focus, energy, and—the Sheehan protest aside—visibility.

Signs of division are everywhere. The most bitter split now is between the groups preparing for what organizers say will be a massive antiwar demonstration in Washington on September 24. On one side is United for Peace and Justice, which claims to represent about 1,300 antiwar groups, including the National Council of Churches, the Green party, and Not in Our Name. On the other side is International ANSWER (Act Now to Stop War and End Racism), a group so far out on the fringes of the left that it includes Stalinists, Trotskyites, and fans of North Korean dictator Kim Jong-Il.

The conflict between the two groups is clear from the promotional materials they have prepared for the rally. United for Peace and Justice says the demonstration will "send a clear message to the White House and Congress: The Iraq war must end. It's time to bring all the troops home, leaving no U.S. military bases behind, and to stop the corporate theft of Iraq's resources." While that position puts United for Peace and Justice well to the left of almost every Democrat in Washington, it is nevertheless what might be called centrist, for the antiwar movement.

International ANSWER is a different story. "While we organize around the demand for the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of the U.S. from Iraq," ANSWER says in its promotional materi-

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als, "it is essential that the movement show the connection between the war in Iraq and all the other fronts of the U.S. government's war for Empire, including the struggle of working and poor people in the United States." Therefore, ANSWER listed several "demands" of the rally, including the demands that the U.S. "end colonial occupation from Iraq to Palestine to Haiti"; "support the Palestinian people's right of return"; "stop the threats against Venezuela, Cuba, Iran & North Korea"; "stop the racist, anti-immigrant and anti-labor offensive at home, defend civil rights," and so on.

The differences between the two groups were so great that they considered holding separate rallies in Washington. But that would have presented a graphic picture of a terribly divided movement, so after much talking, they worked out an agreement to share the same protest. "We are a very broad coalition," says Leslie Cagan, head of United for Peace and Justice, walking carefully around differences with International ANSWER. "What we have in common, what holds us together, is our opposition to the war in Iraq, and that is why we felt it was very, very critical for us to organize a massive antiwar demonstration . . . They [International ANSWER] have another way of organizing; we're not trashing them, we're not criticizing them."

Not now, at least. Which means that, come September 24, the face of the antiwar movement will again be, as it was in the months leading up to the war, members of groups like the Free Palestine Alliance-U.S. or Free the Cuban Five or the Korea Truth Commission—all parts of International ANSWER—yelling things like, "Butcher Sharon!" or "We don't want your racist war!" or "Free Mumia!" (This last is a reference to Mumia Abu-Jamal, a Philadelphia cop-killer on Death Row.) The antiwar movement will look like a bunch of kooks.

All that will undoubtedly make more moderate Democrats cringe. As they have searched for a way to oppose George W. Bush on Iraq, they have sometimes found themselves more at war with their left flank than with the White House. "The public is rightly fed-up with the status quo," wrote Democratic Leadership Council adviser Marshall Wittmann recently. "But that does not necessarily mean that they will be willing to accept defeat. If Democrats become associated with 'defeatism' and 'out now,' this may enable the president and Rove to portray the party as the 'cut and run' crowd." Wittmann also wrote that a quick withdrawal would "reward al-Zarqawi and his killers with a victory for creating rivers of blood. Whatever the legion of mistakes of the Bush administration, that is not a moral position."

But that, in fact, is the position of the movement that will come to Washington on September 24. It is also, of course, the position of Cindy Sheehan and her followers in Crawford, Texas. She is the one who not only called for an immediate U.S. pullout from Iraq, but also referred to the president and his "neo-con cabal" as "the biggest terrorist outfit in the world"; who said the United States would be a "fascist state" without the Internet because the press is the "propaganda tool" of the government; who talked about the "Bush crime family"; and who declared, "You get America out of Iraq and Israel out of Palestine, and you'll stop the terrorism."

It's not the kind of rhetoric that picks up support from the center of the political spectrum, even from those who are increasingly concerned about the course of the war. But hope is alive on the antiwar left. On many, many occasions during the Sheehan episode, protesters expressed the hope that Sheehan would somehow provide the movement the boost that it so far has not been able to give itself. "We have Cindy Sheehan to thank for the beginning of what I believe is a mainstream movement against this war," the left-wing singer Steve Earle told the crowd in Crawford on August 20. "This moment in history, right now, I really believe that this is where we get it going."

Maybe. But don't bet on it. It's not that Americans aren't worried about the prospects for success in Iraq or don't have questions about the administration's handling of the war. It's just that the antiwar movement—currently led by International ANSWER and Cindy Sheehan—will undoubtedly turn off more Americans than it will inspire. No matter what has gone wrong in Iraq, that simple fact hasn't changed. **NR**

■ AT WAR

The Arafat Model

Some leaders in Iraq are following it, and they must not get away with it

MICHAEL RUBIN

Erbil, Iraq

IRAQIS gathered around television sets as midnight approached on August 22. They watched as constitutional drafting-committee members and political elites whispered among themselves. When the Speaker of the National Assembly, Hachim al-Hasani, declared, "We have received a draft of the constitution," the assembly erupted in applause. "But," he added, "there are some points that are still outstanding and need to be addressed in the next three days." Late into the night, politicians and activists continued to meet in the Baghdad homes of the major powerbrokers, grappling with the roles of federalism and Islam in the new Iraq.

While U.S. diplomats and Washington advisers continue to facilitate compromise among Iraq's disparate sectarian, ethnic, and political groups, the reality emerging outside Baghdad is directly challenging Iraq's aspirations to constitutionalism. The U.S. government has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to bring outside experts to Baghdad for a period of a few days or a few weeks, but Iraqi powerbrokers dismiss their advice as naïve or irrelevant. Massoud Barzani in the Kurdish north and Abdul Aziz al-Hakim and Moqtada al-Sadr in the Shiite south have rejected the experts' academic proposals, and have chosen instead a model perfected by Yasir Arafat, the late PLO chairman.

Standing in front of the White House on September 13, 1993, Arafat, Bill Clinton, and Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Rabin shook hands. Western diplomats could hardly contain their optimism as Israel

Mr. Rubin, a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, is editor of the *Middle East Quarterly*.

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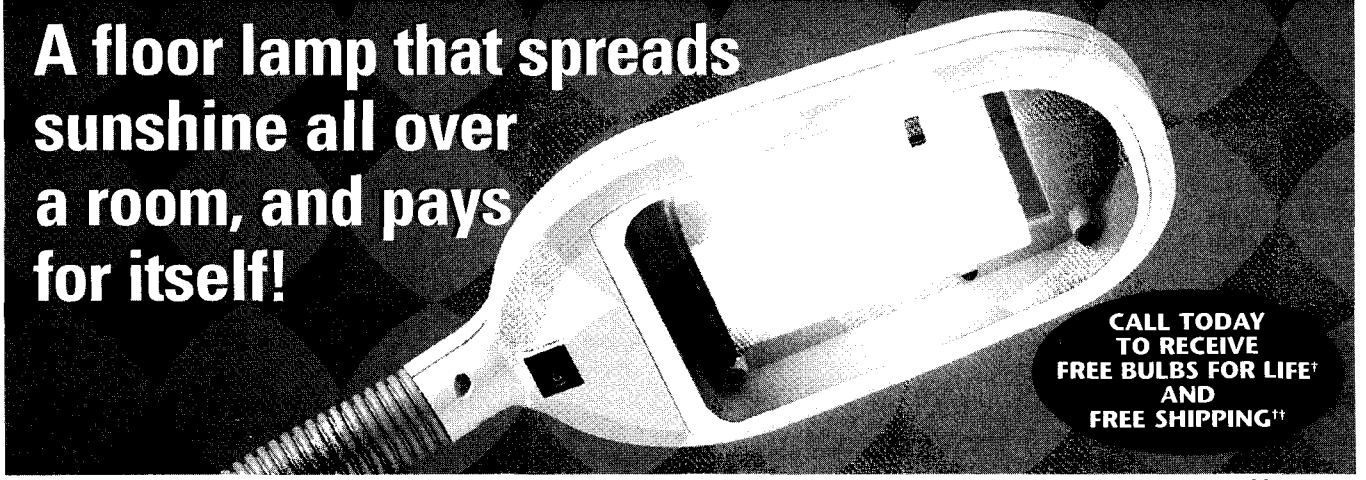

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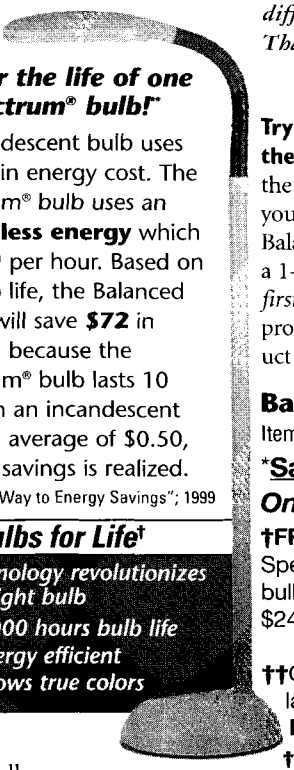

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and the PLO signed the Oslo Declaration of Principles, upon which they pledged to build Arab-Israeli peace.

But we now know that this optimism was misplaced. While Clinton fêted the Palestinian leader at the White House, cajoled him with aid, and turned a blind eye toward his corruption, Arafat broke promises habitually and, until the last years of his life, without consequence. He encouraged incitement, refused to prepare the Palestinians for compromise, and ruled by militia even as European and American agencies trained Palestinian police.

From an Arab perspective, Arafat's strategy looks successful. He extracted blood from the Israelis and treasure from the Americans, all the while consolidating his position. His concessions were limited to pledges whose fulfillment was never required. The result is now clear. Even as drafting-committee members debated Iraq's future, pan-Arab satellite stations broadcast Palestinian celebrations amid what anchors and commentators uniformly described as Israel's defeat in Gaza.

That conclusion is something Iraqi militia leaders have taken to heart. While diplomats and parliamentarians debate the finer points of federalism, warlords are constructing something rather different. One sees it on entering Iraq from Turkey and discovering not a trace of the Iraqi central government. Just last year, Kurdish officials manning the border post with Turkey declined to stamp passports. They now do so, and not with the Iraqi stamps used at other checkpoints, but with the emblem of the Iraqi Kurdistan Region. The Kurdish flag alone flies over the border post; the first Iraqi flag is an hour away, on the outskirts of Mosul.

Kurdistan Democratic party officials rather than the Iraqi government levy customs and taxes on cargo crossing the border. Owners of the cargo say they must make separate payments to the Iraqi central government, the Kurdistan regional government, and the Barzani family. Banners hang from official buildings and declare not only Kirkuk and Sinjar, but also Khanaqin and Mandali—towns 200 miles south of Kirkuk—to be integral parts of Kurdistan. In Erbil, the administrative center of the Kurdistan regional government, only Massoud Barzani's picture hangs. Storekeepers say that Barzani's militia forbids flying the Iraqi flag or hanging the portrait of Jalal Talabani, a rival Kurdish leader who is now president of Iraq.

In recent weeks, the Kurdistan regional government has flouted both Iraqi law and the human-rights standards on which U.S. aid is conditioned by the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961. When many contractors moved their headquarters from Baghdad to Erbil as a result of deteriorating security in the spring of 2004, their Iraqi staff continued to operate in Baghdad, Mosul, and Kirkuk—at great risk to themselves—motivated by allegiance to their mission. In recent weeks, however, Kurdish police have refused these Iraqi Arabs, including employees of U.S. firms, entry into the Kurdistan region. Kurdish peshmerga have maltreated them simply because they are Arabs.

Like the Americans in the north, the British have ignored southern militia abuses in the hope of securing a short-term peace. But that choice is negligent and destructive.

Searches of vehicles and persons are prudent, but apartheid is not. U.S. laws and regulations require basic human rights and freedom of movement within political entities, and Washington still considers Iraq an integral whole. By law, then, Kurdish actions should endanger the eligibility of Kurds to receive aid, but both Iraqi officials and bureaucrats within the U.S. Agency for International Development have come to view such aid as an entitlement rather than a privilege.

Zalmay Khalilzad, U.S. ambassador to Iraq, may counsel compromise, but American officials have a long history of giving an opposite message by failing to enforce their demands. Ambassador Frank Ricciardone, Gen. Jay Garner, and Ambassadors L. Paul Bremer and Robert Blackwill have all come to Iraq, issued démarches, and left. Barzani and Talabani have learned to nod politely while ignoring the demands. They have witnessed a growing divergence between policy and implementation. While Bremer demanded Iraq's unity and opposed ethnic federalism, his representative in the northern region affixed the Kurdish flag to his business cards. Certificates signed by American officers express appreciation for the hospitality of local officials not in Iraq or Iraqi Kurdistan, but simply in Kurdistan.

Bush's second-term State Department has continued to give mixed messages. Secretary of state Condoleezza Rice undercut compromise on federalism when, on a surprise visit to Iraq on May 15, 2005, she went directly to Barzani's mountaintop headquarters. In the Middle East, who visits whom, and where, matters. By going first to Barzani's headquarters rather than to Baghdad, she bolstered the Kurdish leader's position in the eyes of his constituents and among the other Iraqi political leaders negotiating in the nation's capital. In the wake of Rice's visit, Barzani increased his territorial and political demands. Kurdistan Democratic party representatives may participate in constitutional discussions, but Barzani shows a willingness to abide by their pledges no greater than Arafat's willingness to honor his negotiators' commitments.

Across southern Iraq, a similar tension has arisen. While the constitutional commission debates the role of religion in society, Abdul Aziz al-Hakim, head of the Supreme Council for the Islamic Revolution in Iraq, leads the militia of firebrand cleric Moqtada al-Sadr in striving to impose their vision of a society based on Islamic law. Constitutional decisions about whether Islam is to be a "main source" rather than "the source" or "a source" of legislation are irrelevant on the streets of Basra, Najaf, and Karbala. Rights may exist on paper, but to the militia leaders guns are what matters.

Like the Americans in the north, the British have ignored southern militia abuses in the hope of securing a short-term peace. But that choice is negligent and destructive. Its result is that the militias impose their will with impunity. The liberals—who do not have the benefit of a militia—are the losers.

Upon the collapse of Saddam Hussein's regime, Coalition officials redistributed Baath party property to various political groups. In the south, the British tried to purchase calm by giving the most prominent properties to militias regardless of their popularity. For example, in Amarah,

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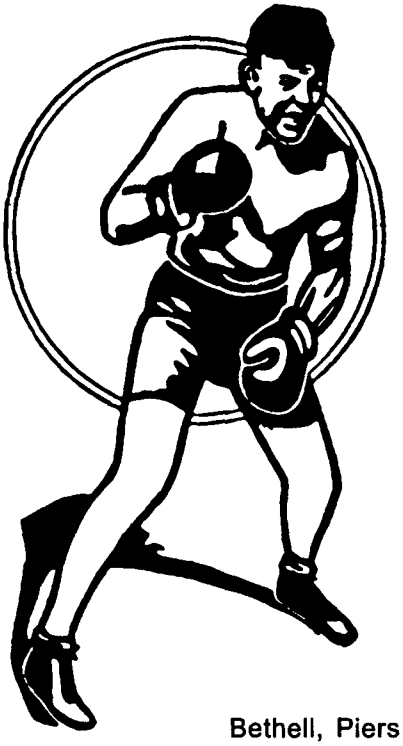
And we get campfire sermonettes with all the substance and nutrition of a marshmallow. Where's the beef? We rarely, if ever, hear anything about the Church's teachings on abortion, unjust wars, contraception, euthanasia, homosexuality, premarital sex, pornography, consumerism, the indissolubility of marriage, Purgatory, or Hell.



We sit around hearing from fey priests about tolerance and diversity, and how all religions are equally true — but since the various religions teach radically different things, that's patent nonsense. Hey, it's time to get rid of those pablum pushers and replace them with real men.

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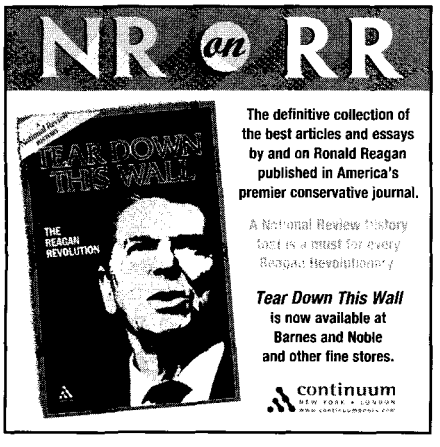
they gave the keys to the former city hall to the Badr Corps, which proceeded to festoon the building with anti-American and anti-British slogans. The Badr Corps also occupied choice real estate along the Euphrates River in Nasiriya. Locals saw these gifts to an oppressive militia as an implicit endorsement of Islamism—a view that is now conventional wisdom not only among many Iraqis in the south of the country, but also in Baghdad and the north.

Islamists have learned that what they cannot win through the political process, they can impose by violence. They have firebombed liquor stores and forcibly veiled women. On March 15, 2005, al-Sadr's militiamen broke up a Basra University student picnic because men and women were socializing. British forces refused to stop the vigilantes from beating ordinary civilians. The murder on August 2 of freelance journalist Steven Vincent, two days after he published a *New York Times* commentary exposing the death squads within the militia-dominated Basra police, underscores the depth of the problem.

Even as Islamists force their will on once-liberal Basra, many Iraqi Shiites see Iranian-style theocracy as theologically blasphemous. Increasingly, though, their concerns do not matter. This is the legacy of Arafat: Words and processes satisfy Western policymakers, but sincerity is irrelevant.

Iraq's sovereignty may limit our ability to intervene directly, but Washington still has great leverage. U.S. officials should stop turning a blind eye toward their interlocutors' insincerity and realize that policies consisting exclusively of carrots do not work. If the Iraqi constitution is to be worth more than the paper it is written on, the rule of law must triumph. **NR**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■ THE COURTS

Rules of The Game

How Democratic senators will try to trip John Roberts up

SHANNEN W. COFFIN

JOHN ROBERTS's Senate confirmation hearings are set to begin on September 6. They could be a useful opportunity for exploration of the character and qualifications of President Bush's first nominee to the Supreme Court; more likely they will be a grandstanding political ping-pong match with Roberts serving as the ball. When the *Washington Post* reported recently that Roberts's confirmation was all but assured, liberal Vermont senator Patrick Leahy stepped in within hours to douse any talk of inevitability; he characterized Roberts as an "eager and aggressive advocate" for the extreme Right.

Most of the Democrats' pit bulls on the Senate Judiciary Committee will begin any discussion about Roberts with the admission that he has impressive credentials. New York's Chuck Schumer conceded that Roberts is an "impressive, accomplished, and brilliant lawyer," who "appears to be a decent and honorable man," with a "remarkable résumé"—but that, Schumer reported, "by itself, is not enough to get my vote." So what is enough? According to Schumer, it is the assurance that John Roberts fits within the "broad mainstream." But Chuck Schumer's definition of mainstream probably differs a bit from, say, Ronald Reagan's, so his statement does not tell us much. His colleague, California's Barbara Boxer, is a little less opaque about the subject, stating unequivocally that she will vote against Roberts unless he vows to uphold the right to abortion created by *Roe* v. *Wade* and threatening to grind the nomination process to a halt unless Roberts answers her questions on *Roe*.

For the Left, then, the confirmation process is a political grilling to pin Roberts down on their favorite issues—a procedure to which Texas senator John Cornyn, a Judiciary Committee Republican, objects: "It's critical to remember that a Supreme Court nominee is not running for political office. And it would be wrong to ask him to make promises to politicians."

A senator certainly has a right to ask any question in the hearing, but Roberts has an equal right not to answer. As Delaware Democrat Joseph Biden (then chairman of the Judiciary Committee) told Ruth Bader Ginsburg during her confirmation hearings, nominees "not only have a right to choose what you will answer and not answer, but . . . you should not answer a question of what your view will be on an issue that clearly is going to come before the Court in 50 different forms, probably, over your tenure on the Court."

A senator certainly has a right to ask any question in the hearing, but Roberts has an equal right not to answer.

Senators should not—and do not—seriously expect Roberts to answer specific questions about, for example, whether he would vote to overrule *Roe* or strike down the Pledge of Allegiance. David Souter repeatedly declined to answer questions regarding *Roe* during his own confirmation hearings. Ginsburg declined to answer specific questions on a whole host of matters—including the death penalty and school vouchers—that might one day come before her on the Court. Her position that answering such questions would compromise her ability to judge those issues fairly as a justice has established the gold standard for future nominees facing confirmation hearings. Expect to hear her name invoked, and rightfully so, many a time in the Roberts hearings.

Mr. Coffin, a partner in the Washington, D.C., law firm of Steptoe & Johnson LLP, was a deputy assistant attorney general for the Civil Division of the U.S. Department of Justice from 2002 to 2004.

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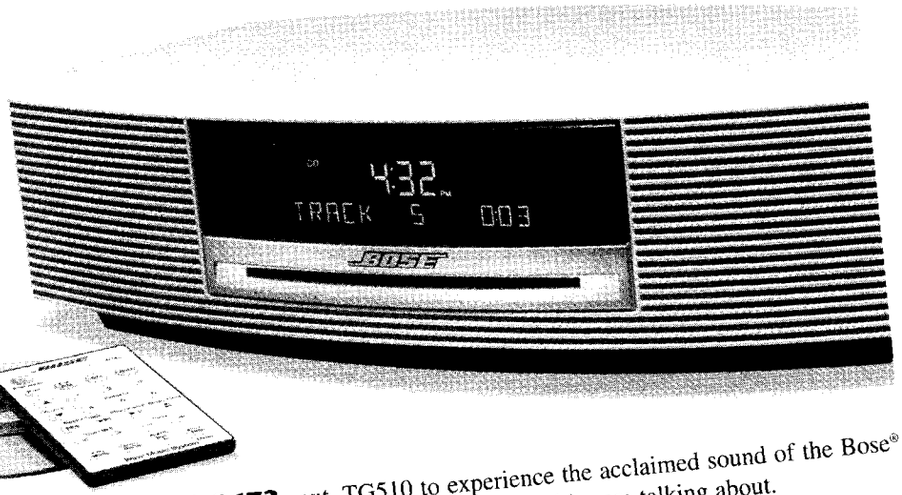

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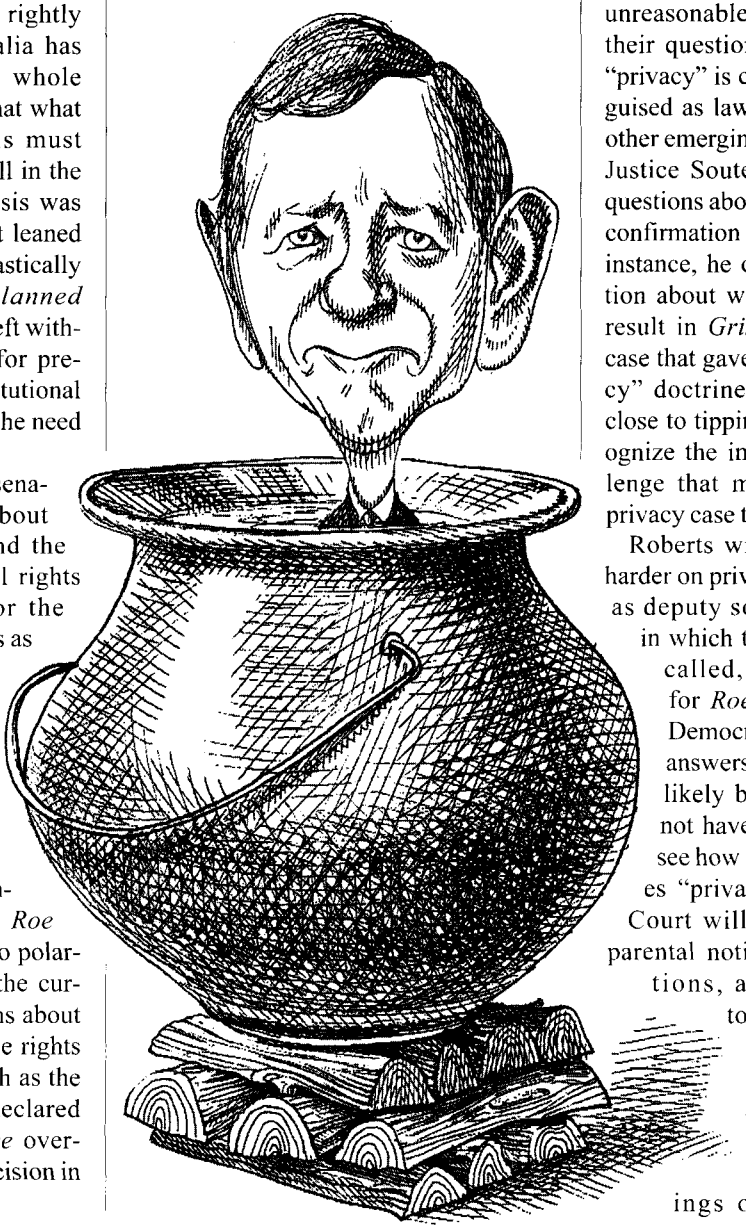
Knowing that they will not achieve much by asking direct questions about the nominee's views—except, perhaps, scoring a few points with their base—Democratic senators will interrogate Roberts on "judicial philosophy." But these questions will be little more than indirect ways to trap the nominee where the questioner knows a frontal assault will fail.

Just a sampling of these questions belies the notion that they are anything more than a political litmus test for Roberts. Because the Court has trended in their direction on many politically charged issues, a favorite stalking horse for Democrats will be Roberts's views on the role of "stare decisis," or the degree to which prior decisions of the Court are inviolable, whether rightly decided or not. As Justice Scalia has described stare decisis, "[Its] whole function . . . is to make us say that what is false under proper analysis must nonetheless be held to be true, all in the interest of stability." Stare decisis was the crutch upon which the Court leaned in upholding *Roe* (albeit in a drastically revised form) in the 1992 *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey* decision. Left without a substantive justification for preserving abortion rights as a constitutional matter, five justices fell back on the need for stability in the law.

So stare decisis is simply a senator's Latin term for: "What about abortion rights, gay rights, and the other judge-made constitutional rights we hold so dear?" People for the American Way listed stare decisis as question number one on its list of 20 for a nominee, stating that "the American public deserves to know Roberts's views on the rights and legal protections we currently enjoy." Taking that cue, Democrats on the committee will demand nothing short of strict adherence to *Roe* and similar decisions that have so polarized the electorate. (Ironically, the current Court cast aside any concerns about precedent in creating many of the rights that the Left now celebrates, such as the right to homosexual sodomy declared in *Lawrence* v. *Texas*. *Lawrence* overruled the very recent—1986—decision in *Bowers* v. *Hardwick*.)

Obviously, no nominee would tell the Committee that precedent is always sacrosanct, any more than he would say that he would never follow a prior decision of the Court. But, especially with respect to decisions interpreting the Constitution, it cannot be stressed enough that stare decisis must not be treated as an inflexible rule that permanently embeds wrong decisions into our legal fabric. Where the Court insists on stepping into political debates by declaring certain subject matters off limits for the elected branches, it is much more important to have the law right than settled. This is a principle that Justice Brandeis recognized long ago, noting that the Court had often overruled prior decisions in "cases involving the Federal Constitution, where correction through legislative action is practically impossible." Where a constitutional rule is at issue, Brandeis said, the Court "bows to the lessons of experience and the force of better reasoning, recognizing that the process of trial and error, so fruitful in the physical sciences, is appropriate also in the judicial function." Roberts would be wise to follow Brandeis's counsel.



ROMAN GENN

Another shibboleth of the Left is "privacy rights." The Constitution, of course, does protect privacy expressly in a couple of places, such as the right to be secure in one's "person, houses, papers, and effects," found in the Fourth Amendment, but it is unlikely that liberal senators are seeking assurances about unreasonable searches and seizures in their questions about privacy. Instead, "privacy" is code for a social policy disguised as law: abortion, gay rights, and other emerging concepts of sexual rights. Justice Souter adeptly fended off any questions about the right of privacy in his confirmation hearings. At one point, for instance, he declined to answer a question about whether he agreed with the result in *Griswold* v. *Connecticut*, the case that gave rise to the modern "privacy" doctrine, noting that it came too close to tipping his hand on *Roe*: "I recognize the implications from any challenge that may come from the other privacy case that is on everyone's mind."

Roberts will likely be pressed even harder on privacy, given his involvement as deputy solicitor general in a case in which the Bush 41 administration called, almost parenthetically, for *Roe* to be overturned. But if Democrats expect solace from his answers in the hearings, they will likely be disappointed. They will not have to wait long, however, to see how a Justice Roberts approaches "privacy" issues: The Supreme Court will hear a case this fall on parental notification in teenage abortions, and will soon be asked to review lower-court decisions striking down the federal partial-birth-abortion ban. Roberts will more than likely keep his powder dry at the hearings on this divisive political

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issue, knowing those cases may soon be before him.

A third focus of interest will be federalism, a mix of issues that addresses the scope of Congress's power under the Commerce Clause and the proper role of the federal government as it relates to the states. What might sound like a harmless query into matters of political science is really a question about how far Roberts will let Congress dictate policy to the states. In recent years, the Supreme Court has—very slightly—pared back federal power, striking down federal laws that had no conceivable connection to the enumerated powers in the Constitution in areas where states had already legislated successfully.

Because such rulings affect the ability of Congress to enact laws adored by feminists, environmentalists, civil rights activists, and trial lawyers, what should be a highbrow debate about the balance of authority in government has become a mudslinging war. In this area, liberals want to throw stare decisis out the window by reversing a whole line of federalism decisions of the Rehnquist Court. Jeffrey Sutton and William Pryor, now federal appeals-court judges only after extended and contentious confirmation battles, were both opposed by special-interest groups that labeled them "anti-rights" for having the audacity to suggest that states do a better job of protecting those rights than the federal government. Roberts's nomination has raised similar red flags for the interest groups: When he raised the question of whether the Court's recent federalism decisions *might* prohibit the application of the Endangered Species Act to prevent development that *might* affect the migration of a species of toad found only in California, his comment set off alarm bells for the proponents of unlimited congressional power.

The Roberts confirmation hearings, which Republicans hope to wrap up within a couple of days, will be rife with other questions, both the in-your-face and the beating-around-the-bush variety. Roberts will face questions on every subject on Ted Kennedy's political wish list—and predictable feigned indignation when he doesn't give the Lions of the Left the answer, and the assured vote, they are looking for. **NR**

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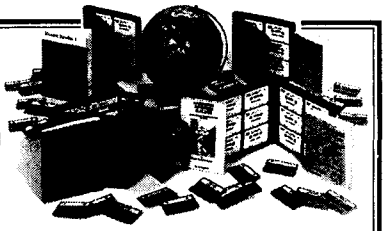

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■ THE BALKANS

Ethnic Cleansing, Continued

The fate of Serbs in Kosovo

JASON LEE STEORTS

Orahovac, Kosovo

You see a lot of barbed wire here. Orahovac used to have more than 3,000 Serbs, but only 500 are left, and the barbed wire, which runs the length of the single street on which they live, helps protect them from their Albanian neighbors. Beyond the street is a no man's land whose only inhabitants are the thick weeds that grow through untended cobblestone and the charred skeletons of burnt-out homes. As we reach the edge of the ghetto, our guides tell us through translators that they must stop talking. It is not safe to speak Serbian in the Albanian part of town.

I am in Orahovac (or, as the Albanians call it, Rahovec) with the New Atlantic Initiative, at the invitation of the Serbian presidency. The car in which we arrived bears Hungarian diplomatic plates; our handlers made sure of that, as Serbian license plates could have provoked an attack. The U.N. guards who escort us stand nearby, armed with machine guns.

Dejan Baljosevic, a local Serb leader, has told us about the conditions in which he and his neighbors live. They cannot leave the ghetto without an armed escort, so work is out of the question. Aid organizations bring them food. Their children cannot go to school; classes are held in homes. The only hospital in Orahovac is run by Albanians and will not treat Serbs. The cemetery is on the wrong side of town too, so they bury their dead behind their church. "We call this an imitation of life," Baljosevic says. "Everything comes down to improvisation."

We cross the line into Albanian territory are reminded what life looks like: bustling streets, crowded shops, and a sparkling-new, Saudi-financed mosque, scaffolding still clinging to its shiny copper dome. My thoughts return to the Serbian Orthodox church in the ghetto behind us. It is lucky. Hanging on its walls are blackened icons salvaged from the smoldering ruins of other churches after they were torched by Albanian mobs.

The contrast between the mosque and the church gives visual expression to the last six years of Kosovo's history. Since the end of the NATO bombing in 1999, over 200,000 Serbs have been driven from Kosovo, and roughly 3,000 killed. Of those who left, only 12,500 have returned. Most found their homes either torched—as in Orahovac's no man's land—or occupied by Albanians. Not one of the Serbs we have met in Kosovo feels safe, and almost all say they will leave Kosovo if it becomes independent—the likely outcome of negotiations that are expected to begin later this year.

No description of Serb misery should obscure memory of the ethnic-Albanians' tremendous suffering under Serbian strongman Slobodan Milosevic. Nor should Albanian violence toward Serbs change the settled conclusion that Serbia, as a political entity, irretrievably forfeited its right to govern Kosovo when it sought to drive the Albanians en masse from their homes. But that forfeiture does not proscribe the possibility of allowing Serbia to retain sovereignty over Kosovo's Albanians, who are not entitled to a state of their own any more than Iraqi Kurds are entitled to a Kurdistan in virtue of their suffering under Saddam and his Baathists.

Furthermore, individual Serbs should not be asked to bow under the weight of a corporate guilt for what Milosevic and his supporters did. Our horror at those acts and our reasons for stopping them lead also to the conclusion that the expulsion of 200,000 Serbs from Kosovo is a great wrong, and that the Serbs who remain must be protected along with their Albanian neighbors. That imperative is superordinate to the morally indeterminate question of sovereignty. Consider, now, a few realities of today's Kosovo.

First, NATO and the U.N. have failed to provide security. This became catastrophically apparent in March 2004, when thousands of Albanians rioted after it was falsely reported that three Albanian teenagers who drowned in a river had been chased there by Serbs. When the rioting stopped, the mobs had set fire to more than 800 Serb houses and over 30 Orthodox churches. This happened under the watchful eyes of 17,000 NATO troops who did little more than evacuate the Serbs and watch their property burn. One Italian solider told us that his rules of engagement still prevent him from firing his weapon.

Second, there is scant reason to think life would get better for the Serbs in an independent Kosovo. Those who say the Albanians' aim is not a state without Serbs but statehood *simpliciter* may be right, but precise intentions matter little when acts of harassment make life in Kosovo intolerable for Serbs. We ask a U.N. municipal administrator whether Albanians have been less than cooperative in facilitating the return of displaced Serbs. His answer is unequivocal: "Oh yeah, for sure. They don't want the Serbs."

That conclusion is supported by the tendency of the mobs to target sites of religious and cultural significance, and to make no distinction between Serbs who may have helped execute Milosevic's decrees and those who could not possibly have done so. Bishop Teodosije, abbot of the monastery of Visoki Decani, tells us of five old women who lived in a church as its caretakers. They were attacked, and the church was destroyed, in the 2004 rioting. Teodosije says, "I always ask myself: What kind of danger were those five elderly women posing? It is hatred."

Third, Albanians not visibly involved in the pervasive mistreatment of Serbs appear indifferent to it. We ask Nusret Abazira, assistant imam of Orahovac's new mosque, why every Serb we meet feels unsafe. "Perhaps those Serbs don't have clean hands," he replies. This is not the first time we have heard that answer; the idea that only a guilty Serb would have anything to fear is ubiquitous. Although Albanian politicians would never make so bald a statement, neither do they show a serious will to confront the problem. Lufti Haziri, a minister in the provisional

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Kosovo government, says, "There are not tense relations among citizens. There are tense relations among political parties and between Belgrade and Pristina [Kosovo's provincial capital]." Either he is being dishonest or he hasn't been spending much time "among citizens."

Fourth, the provisional Kosovo government is highly dysfunctional. "If Kosovo is given independence," says the U.N. administrator, "it will be nasty. Their political system is not based in democracy. It is based in clan loyalty." Albanian politics in Kosovo is frequently violent and hugely influenced by organized crime. The economy is a shambles; much of it—more than 50 percent, by some estimates—is informal, and real unemployment may run as high as 30 percent. No significant progress has been made on the privatization of state industries. As for the Kosovo police service, the U.N. administrator summarizes the upper bound of its competence with a smile: "It is good for giving traffic signals."

This is the morass in which we will find ourselves mediating negotiations on Kosovo's final status. What should we hope for?

Serbia's president, Boris Tadic, repeated to us his proposal that Kosovo be given "more than autonomy, less than independence." The idea is for Kosovo to have the substantive self-government it desires while Serbia retains de jure sovereignty over the region, resulting in a Kosovo that is barren of Serb institutions and, for most purposes, self-determining. Kosovo's government would have its own parliament; collect its own taxes; use, if it so desired, a separate currency; and be allowed a special status within Serbian embassies, with limited authority to conduct its own foreign relations. Many powers would be devolved to municipalities as a way of protecting minorities. A continuing NATO presence would have a monopoly on the provision of security.

If Tadic's proposal were workable, there would be much to recommend it. It would give displaced Serbs a reason to return. It would allow Kosovo to piggyback on Serbia's EU accession bid. It would avoid the risk of touching off new claims to statehood: If Kosovo Albanians are entitled to their own state, why not Macedonian Albanians? Why not the Republika Srpska—the Serbian component of Bosnia-Herzegovina, which enjoys a higher degree of independence than Kosovo ever did? International lawyers will explain, with fine academic subtlety, why the precedent of an independent Kosovo does not apply to these cases, but they are unlikely to persuade the nationalists and irredentists who sprout so abundantly from Balkan soil.

More generally, to excise Kosovo from Serbia despite the violence of the past six years would make a mockery of the West's claim that talks on Kosovo's final status would follow only upon improvements in the rule of law, freedom of movement, and the protection of minorities. The message will be that ethnic cleansing pays, so long as you don't do it first.

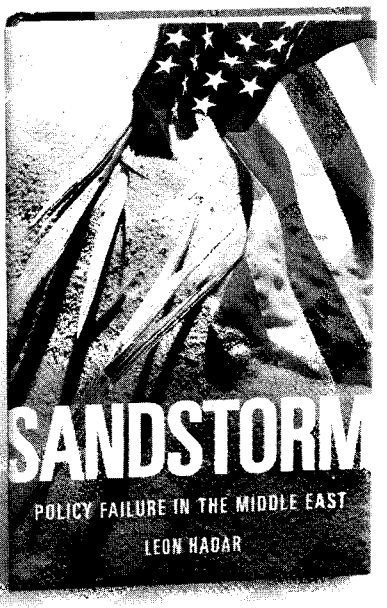
But Tadic's proposal is probably not workable. Albanians constitute 90 percent of Kosovo's population, and almost to a man they demand independence. If their national aspiration is blocked now, on the cusp of fulfillment, it will be felt as a kind of coitus interruptus. A violent backlash will almost surely follow. That will put NATO in the awkward position of shooting at the very people it bombed Belgrade to defend.

Even if an initial burst of violence could be suppressed, it is difficult to see how Tadic's proposal could be sustainable. Having come within a hair's breadth of independence through the Kosovo Liberation Army's violent tactics, the Albanians are not likely to be good pacifists now. With time, NATO's patience and purse strings will be strained, and upon the alliance's exit from Kosovo, Serbia will be left with a violent insurgency and no institutional or military presence with which to defeat it. Radical solutions will begin to look reasonable, and that is about when a new Milosevic can be expected to appear.

Few people on either side of the Atlantic will want to run that risk. Instead, we will unfetter Kosovo and turn our eyes as its story comes to a dramatically perfect conclusion. At the heart of that story is Milosevic, who rose to power on a wave of nationalism that surged first in Kosovo, who capped his career by driving Kosovo's Albanians toward Tirana—and who will now see that his final, ironic legacy is the ethnic cleansing of Kosovo's Serbs.

"If the truth is not told, there will be no Serbs here," one man tells us. Half right—but far, far too late. **NR**

A Provocative Challenge to Conventional Thinking



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■ PERSONALITIES

Yes to Senator No

An interview with Jesse Helms

JAY NORDLINGER

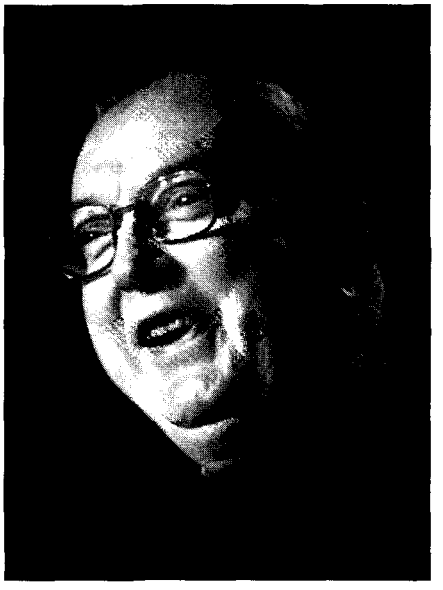
THEY called him "Mr. Conservative," after Barry Goldwater relinquished the title. They called him a lot of other names, too—one was "Senator No." Today, he says, "I was tempted to send a thank-you note to the newspaper that first called me that. I enjoyed being known as 'Senator No' because it summed up my purpose in helping to stop a lot of bad government policies and proposed laws."

That answer is pure Jesse Helms. He is talking by e-mail from his office in Raleigh. He retired from the Senate in 2003, after 30 years there.

And he has just written a memoir called *Here's Where I Stand.* An early reviewer in *Booklist*—the journal of the American Library Association—said "Helms was the most reviled and despised U.S. senator." Well, he was no doubt the Left's bête noire, just as Ted Kennedy is the Right's. (Although Hillary Clinton challenges him for that position.) Through the years, Helms was notably calm in the face of attacks. He quotes Harry Truman: "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen." And he says, "Some of the biggest laughs I ever got were from political cartoons intended to ridicule me."

While in the Senate, Helms was above all an anti-Communist, a Cold Warrior. Did he ever think he'd see the end of that war? "I surely hoped and prayed I would. After all, the Cold War was a comparatively recent aberration in the sweep of history and I was convinced that the desire to be free would be more powerful than the grip of Communism." Helms credits Reagan's "firmness," and says, "Gorbachev could see which way the tree was falling and was smart enough to jump out of its way." Needed in the West, says Helms, are "leaders who have the same kind of backbone their freedom-loving citizens have. Appeasement and negotiation have never worked in overcoming evil."

So, what does he think of the current president? "I think George W. Bush is a principled man and has proven his determination to do what he thinks is best for the country without worrying about his popularity." And what about the conflict in which we are currently engaged? Is it as tough a challenge as the Cold War? "The War on Terror is every bit as tough a challenge as the Cold War—probably more so, because those who oppose us are ideologues who are not interested in our defeat so much as our demise. But that does not mean this war is any the less winnable." It will be won "if we do not give in to those who would try to appease the enemy."



Jesse Helms

STACY WALSH ROSENSTOCK/PHOTOGRAPHER SHOWCASE

One charge that has long dogged Jesse Helms is racism—the contention that he is anti-black. And he says? "Of course I'm not anti-black, and any number of African-American friends and Capitol Hill staffers would be happy to set that record straight. I have always been opposed to violence from any quarter; to unconstitutional quotas; and to politicians who try to rob people of their ability to dream their own dreams and reach their own goals through their own efforts by selling them the lie that they can't succeed without the government running their lives. I have always believed that the American Dream is the birthright of every American, and that the free-enterprise system is the route to secure that dream."

In his 1990 reelection campaign, Helms ran a TV ad that showed a man crumpling a letter informing him that he had been denied a job—he had lost out because of race quotas. The ad caused a huge stir, widely deemed a racial low blow. Says Helms: "What a tempest in a teapot." The ad "was about quotas, and my opponent's support for a bill that was later ruled unconstitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court. The outcry was just one more attempt to change the subject from the issues to race. I chose to run on the issues."

And the American South today? Is it fully integrated with the rest of the country, or are there Civil War hangovers? "Let's see," says Helms. "The fastest-growing spectator sport in America is NASCAR. Country-music stars pack stadiums everywhere they perform. The last two presidents of the United States have been from Arkansas and Texas. Two of the biggest banks in the country are headquartered in Charlotte, North Carolina. I'd say the South has pretty well recovered from a dispute that took place almost 150 years ago. Of course, if Hollywood keeps serving up stereotypes of country bumpkins with bad accents, we may have to retaliate."

In his long career, he must have met many interesting people. Who were the most interesting? "This question would require a second book!" Helms says. "Maybe it was my early training as a journalist, but I've found every person I ever met has some quality that makes him or her interesting and unique as a person. Sometimes you have to dig a little harder, but everyone has a story of interest." And his favorite colleagues? Well, start with Reagan and Thatcher—but in the Senate, "I'd include Hubert Humphrey and Jim Allen and Joe Biden and Orrin Hatch and Pat Moynihan and so many others retired or currently serving, or sadly no longer with us." (Jim Allen was Sen. James Browning Allen of Alabama, who died in 1978, while in his second term.)

And Helms's not-so-favorite colleagues? They "provided challenges." Some senators, like Paul Wellstone, arrived in Washington "determined to dislike me," but wound up becoming per-

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sonal friends. With others, such friendship was impossible: "but we could still respect the fact that we were there because the people of our home state elected us. We could respect their choice by our civility to one another."

It was frequently said about Senator Helms that, a provincial, he never traveled the world—and how can you be chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee (as he was) without knowing the world?

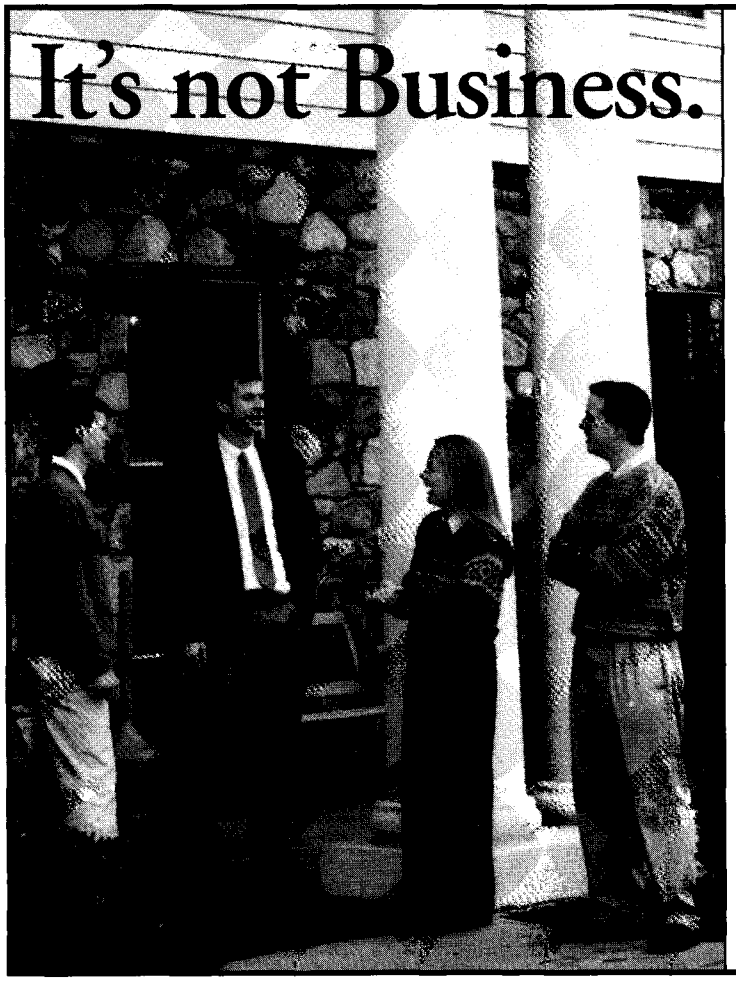
Helms: "I've traveled extensively to Asia, Africa, South America, the Middle East, and Europe throughout my life and my Senate career. In 2001 I took the committee to Mexico for its first meeting on foreign soil. What I did not do is make these trips at government expense or to make a big publicity show, so it was assumed by people who didn't bother about knowing the truth that I did not have firsthand knowledge of world issues." Furthermore, "I had trusted staff members who served as my eyes and ears around the world and close friendships with world leaders and foreign nationals who made sure I had the best information available about the issues in their countries." So, "far from being hampered, my approach to fact-gathering made sure I wasn't getting the spin version of those issues," spin being "too often a part of those well-known political junkets."

He was a successful politician—he never lost an election. But, says Helms, "I did not enjoy the campaign trail, and I never considered myself an eloquent speaker or debater." What he enjoyed was "setting out conservative ideas in a way folks could understand and appreciate."

A boilerplate question: Your greatest achievement in the Senate? "This is not a question I can answer. History will handle it. I can tell you that my wife thinks that one of the most important changes we helped bring about was to make roll-call votes routine. When senators had a voting record that the voters back home could examine, they could no longer talk one way during the campaign and vote another way in Washington. Those voting records helped send a lot of liberals into early retirement."

Speaking of Mrs. Helms, what about her? "Meeting and marrying Dorothy Coble was and to this day remains the best part of my life. She is my best friend and the most beautiful woman I have ever seen." The Helmses were married in 1942; the senator was born in 1921. He says, "I grew up during the Great Depression. I needed three jobs to support myself in college. I had no inheritance beyond the example of faith, hard work, and honesty. But I lived in the United States of America, and my father—who served as both police chief and fire chief in a small southern town—lived long enough to see his youngest son sworn in as a United States senator."

He was called "Senator No," and almost always portrayed with a scowl. But his outlook is positively Reaganesque: "We have no limits if we partner our dreams with our willingness to work for them." **NR**



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The GOP's Immigration Problem

Will the elites get a clue?

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

IMMIGRATION has long been the great sleeper issue in American politics, with two-thirds of the voters wanting less of it and the political and business elites wanting a great deal more. Time and again it has looked likely to break through this bipartisan barrier into public debate. On each occasion, however, the elites have suppressed any stirrings of public opposition—until the last few weeks.

Over that period, the following events have occurred:

One. Leading Democrats with serious political ambitions—Gov. Bill Richardson of New Mexico, Gov. Janet Napolitano of Arizona, Sen. Dianne Feinstein of California, and Hillary Clinton (no additional identification necessary)—have all expressed concern about border security, illegal immigration, and the social costs that immigration imposes. Napolitano declared a state of emergency in border counties hit hard by illegals, and Richardson praised as "patriots" the Minutemen watching the border (President Bush had damned them as "vigilantes").

Two. Working behind the scenes, the White House has helped set up a new bipartisan coalition to push for more open immigration. It will be headed jointly by two former congressmen (one Republican, one Democrat); organized by a former chairman of the Republican National Committee, Ed Gillespie; and funded to the tune of between $50,000 and $250,000 by corporations such as Wal-Mart. It is to be called "Americans for Border and Economic Security" (or ABES) and it is meant to soften up public opinion on behalf of the president's immigration reforms.

Three. Two immigration bills—the McCain-Kennedy bill and the Cornyn-Kyl bill—have been put before the Senate. They differ, but both are designed to advance the president's immigration agenda. Both offer limited amnesties to the illegal aliens already in the U.S. and propose guest-worker programs that would admit into the U.S. anyone with a job offer from an American employer. This liberalization is hedged about with safeguards, but it amounts to stopping illegal immigration by the simple device of making it legal.

Four. Finally, writers previously known for their fervent enthusiasm for more or less open immigration—Tamar Jacoby in *The Weekly Standard*, John Fund of the *Wall Street Journal*, and David Brooks in the *New York Times*—have suddenly reinvented themselves as "realistic" immigration reformers. They are worried that immigration laws are routinely flouted and call for a balanced response to this illegality. This balance turns out to be legalizing illegals already here (maybe with fines and waiting periods to show we mean business), having a guest-worker program that would admit new immigrants in line with business demand, and then cracking down on border security.

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"The relationship between a doctor and his patient is crucial to the proper assessment and treatment of the patient's condition. The DEA's aggressive investigative procedure poisons the doctor-patient relationship from both sides."

"The DEA continues to lower its evidentiary standards, making it nearly impossible for many doctors to determine what is and isn't permitted."

"Large quantities of narcotics routinely go missing en route from manufacturers to wholesalers and from wholesalers to retailers. The DEA itself acknowledges this problem. Given the poor job the DEA is doing of monitoring the narcotics it's charged with overseeing... DEA's attempt to blame physicians for the drugs' street availability seems arbitrary, unjustified, and capricious."

Common Sense for Drug Policy
www.CommonSenseDrugPolicy.org www.DrugWarFacts.org
H. Michael Gray, Chair; Robert E. Field, Co-Chair

* *"Treating Doctors as Drug Dealers: The DEA's War on Prescription Painkillers"* by Professor Ronald T. Libby, June 16, 2005. http://www.cato.org/pubs/pas/pa545.pdf

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Exactly why we would need a border crackdown when almost anyone could come here quite legally is an unanswered question; presumably this measure is included to soothe the American people into going along with a program that is otherwise simply a program for more immigration.

THE BUSH GAMBIT

Why has the sleeping dog of immigration suddenly woken up? To be sure, public concern over the social costs of illegal immigration is rising, especially in border states. But both the costs and the concern have been rising for two decades. Democrats can see that the GOP is vulnerable, especially in its core southern-white-male vote, over the low-wage competition posed by illegal immigration. Again, however, the GOP has been vulnerable in this way for several decades. Indeed, all the risks and dangers of uncontrolled immigration have been visible for some time. What has changed is that whereas previously the political elites were content to do nothing about it—in effect, to legalize it by stealth—the president has decided to legalize it openly and above board.

All the risks and dangers of uncontrolled immigration have been visible for some time. What has changed is that the president has decided to legalize it openly and above board.

That immediately raised its salience. The public was outraged; the Democrats saw an opportunity; the GOP fell into despair; the White House had to scramble to reverse the trends of public opinion; and the intellectuals had to sing a more complicated song or be hissed off the stage. In short, Bush and the immigration issue are rather like Albert and the Lion in that once famous comic recitation about a young lad visiting the Blackpool zoo who, disappointed that the sleeping lion (Wallace by name) lacked animation, decided to intervene: "So straight'way the brave little fellow, / Not showing a morsel of fear, / Took his stick with its horse's head handle, / And pushed it in Wallace's ear. / You could see that the lion didn't like it . . ."

To cut a long recitation short, the lion eats Albert. Will the immigration issue now devour Bush—or the GOP after Bush? The omens are somewhat less than favorable. To begin with, immigration rests on a major fault line in the GOP. One of the lobbyists wooed by the White House for ABES, Craig Regelbrugge, put it very crisply: "You're never going to please them all . . . But the party's going to have to choose between the closed-minded restrictionists and the business base . . . Who's really the base of the base? Farmers and business people or the others?" Unfortunately for Regelbrugge, the correct answer would almost certainly not please him. About three-quarters of Republican supporters are opposed to the Bush immigration program. And even the most expensive public-relations campaign is unlikely to change minds that are shaped by personal experience and daily headlines in the local press. So if the president forges ahead on this issue, he is likely to alienate "the base of the base."

Some of that base, mainly blue-collar workers, may go over to Democrats like Richardson who are making (insincere) restrictionist noises. More will likely opt out of politics altogether from a sense of disgust at the GOP's placing the short-term interests of corporate America in low wages over national security and the economic prospects of poorer Americans. Since the GOP's margin of victory at the last election was a mere 3 percent, even small defections could be very significant. But the real kicker is that Bush may not even hold on to those voters and corporations that approve of his immigration reforms. For he is being ambitiously outflanked on that front by Senator John McCain.

Of the two bills before Congress, the McCain-Kennedy bill is inevitably the more liberal. Cornyn-Kyl has its defects, as NR has pointed out, but it is a serious attempt to restore order to immigration. It insists that illegals must return home in order to be legalized, and it grants no green card to guest-workers. McCain-Kennedy by contrast allows illegals to stay in the U.S. in return for paying a $2,000 fine (and all back taxes) and, after six years, to become eligible for a green card (i.e., the right of permanent residency). Since $2,000 is well below the world market value of U.S. citizenship, this is less a punishment than a cut-price offer. It would actually be an incentive for more illegals to cross the border in time to benefit from its passage.

As a political calculation, however, it is clever. McCain long ago lost any chance of winning those voters for whom lower immigration is an important issue. Indeed, it is in his interest that they should not participate in Republican primaries. Some moderate and independent voters, however, will see his cooperation with Teddy Kennedy as a praiseworthy rebellion against the nativist Right. And those corporations seeking cheap labor, according to the *L.A. Times*, already prefer McCain's bill to the more restrictive Cornyn-Kyl—and are therefore undecided about joining ABES unless Bush comes up with an equally liberal proposal. McCain-Kennedy might therefore achieve two objectives dear to McCain's heart: outbidding Bush by passing a more grandiose version of the president's program, and laying the foundation for a new and more centrist GOP that would nominate him in 2008.

This is a clever calculation but hardly a brilliant one, since such a party would probably lose the subsequent general election. It would be assembled, after all, around a policy disliked by two-thirds of all voters and three-quarters of center-right ones. Where Bush was inadvertently driving away the GOP base, McCain would be doing so with calculated deliberation. But it's still spinach and most voters would say "to hell with it."

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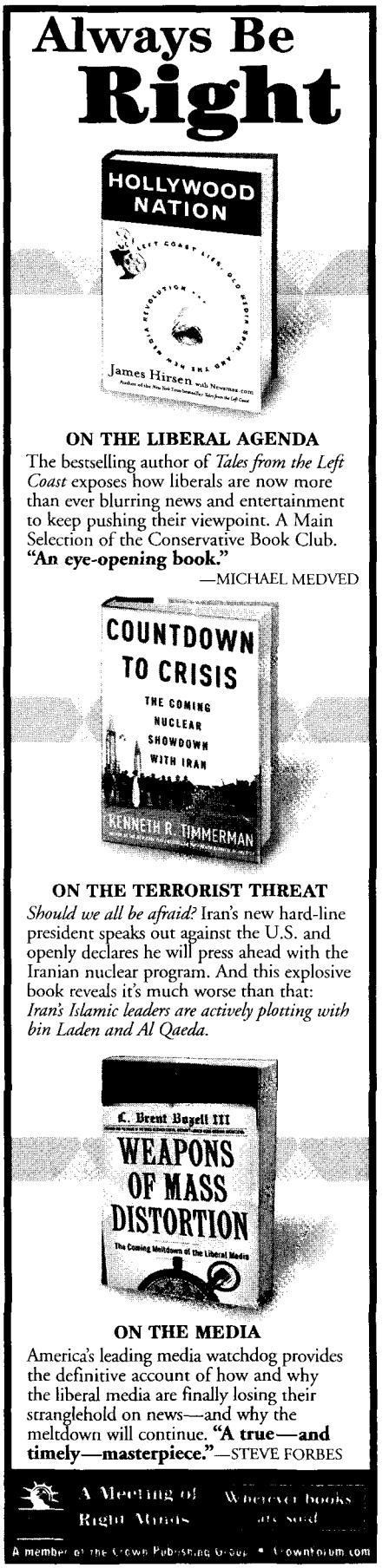
A BOLDER POLICY

And that's the flaw in all the immigration proposals now under discussion. They propose to legalize illegal immigration, to make legal immigration easier and simpler, and to admit more immigrants overall—when the American people plainly want to move in the opposite direction on all fronts. Tamar Jacoby, speaking for the new "realists," proposes to square this circle as follows: "Expand legal channels in order to get control? Yes, it's counterintuitive, but it isn't as illogical as it sounds. Given our economy's deep and increasing dependence on foreign workers, we will never get a grip if we continue to pretend they aren't coming . . . Of course, we will need to make sure that foreigners use these new legal channels and no others. Once we replace our old unrealistic quotas with a more realistic guest-worker program, we will need to enforce it to the letter . . ."

Alas, this new realism is utopian on almost every point. Two previous amnesties were based on exactly the same trade-off as Jacoby advocates. And since the 1986 amnesty, the U.S. has been admitting about a million new legal immigrants annually. But the illegal immigrants did not stop coming, mechanisms of enforcement atrophied, and we ended up with 11 million illegals. The reason is not obscure: Legal immigrants, far from being a substitute for illegals, are a magnet for them. They form communities that welcome illegals from home, shelter them, find jobs for them, and provide a sea in which they swim undetected. Hence, legal and illegal immigration tend to rise in unison unless there are sharp disincentives for illegal entry. Jacoby says she would enforce such disincentives. If it would be unrealistic to deport the illegal immigrants here now, however, why would it suddenly become possible on the day after a guest-worker program came in? The truth is that such reasoning is like the psychology of the alcoholic—it will be easy to give up the hard stuff tomorrow when I make an entirely new start. In fact it will be *harder* to enforce deportation when large numbers of new immigrants are pouring in legally. It will seem pointless to the enforcement authorities; some employers will still prefer cheaper illegals over expensive legals; and immigrant lawyers and pressure groups opposing enforcement will have greater political clout. And as Mark Krikorian points out in the following article, the enforcement mechanisms of both proposed bills are exercises in bureaucratic utopianism. They give government tasks that could not be performed with ten times the officials and resources it is likely to have. These are laws that would be literally unenforceable if passed. It would be far easier and genuinely more realistic to make the legal climate more discouraging to illegals by firmly, gradually, and relentlessly enforcing the current law—on deportation among other things. We do not need massive new immigration to do this.

The underlying problem is that the new realists see massive new immigration as unavoidable: "Given our economy's deep and increasing dependence on foreign workers," etc., etc. These views are rooted in an economic misunderstanding of immigration. Thomas Sowell, for instance, has recently pointed out that the idea that immigrants are needed to do jobs that Americans won't do is economics without the price mechanism. If the price of such jobs were higher, Americans would do them; but the price is kept down by the availability of immigrants willing to work for less. Other such fallacies—that immigration is necessary for American prosperity, that it benefits Americans substantially, that it is needed to support Social Security, and so on—were exploded 13 years ago when NR published Peter Brimelow's article, "Time to Re-Think Immigration" and sparked the current debate on immigration. Mr. Brimelow and NR have since quarreled, but we stand by those arguments. We have repeated them down the years. Almost all the academic work since then (by, among others, NR contributor George Borjas) has confirmed Brimelow's principal themes and undermined the economic fallacies underpinning the Bush proposals. A British academic survey of recent research on immigration by two Oxbridge professors, an economist and a demographer, concluded coolly: "The claim that U.S. prosperity has been driven by immigration, as opposed to driving it, appears to lack any academic support."

In a saner world, the elites would take account of these arguments. But the evidence is that Bush, McCain, and the GOP establishment have an almost religious attachment to open-borders immigration that is impervious to rational demonstration. They are on a collision course with the American people. Will the GOP be broken in the crash? NR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■ COVER STORY II

Not So Realistic

Why some would-be immigration reformers don't have the answer

MARK KRIKORIAN

THE Senate is again considering various proposals to address our massive illegal-alien problem, and the competing bills have one thing in common: They claim to offer "realistic" solutions to the supposedly unrealistic desire to enforce the law. Writer Tamar Jacoby, perhaps the most energetic salesman of the McCain-Kennedy amnesty bill, used some form of "realistic" ten times in her testimony at a July Senate hearing. Senators Kennedy, Cornyn, Brownback, and Feingold all touted the realism of their preferred solutions at the same hearing, and the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* have done the same in numerous editorials.

The problem, of course, is that no one has checked whether our very real immigration bureaucracy is capable of implementing *any* of these proposals. And this is no trivial concern: The success of any proposal depends on registering and screening millions and millions of illegal aliens within a short period of time—a daunting task.

It is therefore necessary to look first at the administrative mandates of the two most popular immigration bills. The McCain-Kennedy bill would offer amnesty to the approximately 11 million illegal aliens in the United States, by re-labeling them "temporary" workers, and after six years, it would grant them permanent residence. The Department of Homeland Security would have to determine that the person was, in fact, an illegal alien on the date of the bill's introduction; that he hadn't left the United States in the meantime; that he was employed in the United States at the time of the bill's introduction—"full time, part time, seasonally, or self-employed"; that he has remained so employed, which he can prove with records from the government, employers, labor unions, banks, remittances, or "sworn affidavits from nonrelatives who have direct knowledge of the alien's work"; that he, if not employed, was a full-time student; that he has "not ordered, incited, assisted, or otherwise participated in the persecution of any person on account of race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group, or political opinion"; and that he is not a security threat, a criminal, a polygamist, or a child abductor. This required background check is to be conducted "as expeditiously as possible"—for potentially 11 million people.

Now consider the better of the two major bills before the Senate, the Cornyn-Kyl bill, which has stronger enforcement provisions and isn't quite an amnesty. (It instead requires illegals to return home and sign up for its version of a "temporary" worker program from abroad, and there is no permanent-residence offer.)

A central component of the bill is "Deferred Mandatory Departure," which would give illegals who register with the government five years to get their affairs in order and leave, something you might call an "exit amnesty." The bill instructs the immigration service to determine many of the same things that McCain-Kennedy requires, including "the alien's physical and mental health, criminal history and gang membership, immigration history, involvement with groups or individuals that have engaged in terrorism, genocide, persecution, or who seek the overthrow of the United States government, voter registration history, claims to United States citizenship, and tax history." And the Cornyn-Kyl bill has even more specific deadlines: All applications are to be processed within one year of its enactment, and at that time the Department of Homeland Security also must have ready a new document for applicants that would be machine-readable, tamper-resistant, and have a biometric-identification component.

The point is not that these requirements are inappropriate; if you're going to be registering illegal aliens, you'd certainly want to know about their health status and involvement with terrorism. But the most pressing question remains: Is it achievable? What would happen, in the real world, if one of these "realistic" solutions were to become law?

Two words: "fraud" and "paralysis."

WILL WE EVER LEARN?

We've attempted much smaller programs like this in the past, and the story has been the same each time: The lack of administrative capacity, combined with intense political pressure, causes the immigration service to drop everything else to meet impossible deadlines—and ineligible applicants get through anyway.

The closest parallel is the administration of the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act by the old Immigration and Naturalization Service. Some 3 million illegal aliens (out of 5 million total) applied for amnesty, and 90 percent were approved. Fraud was omnipresent, especially in the farm-worker portion, where applicants presented fake proof of employment—sometimes as flimsy as a handwritten note on a scrap of paper—and gave ludicrous stories, like, "I've picked watermelons from trees," or "harvested purple cotton."

A report from the inspector general's office of the Department of Justice noted years later that "given the crush of applications under the program and the relative fewer investigative resources, INS approved applications absent explicit proof that they were in fact fraudulent." Two of the fraudulent applications that were approved were from Egyptian brothers in New York: Mahmud and Mohammed Abouhalima, who went on to participate in the first World Trade Center bombing.

We've seen paralysis before, too. On several occasions during the past decade Congress briefly opened a window for illegal aliens to apply for green cards without first returning home (by getting married to a citizen or legal resident, for instance, or by being sponsored by an employer). Hundreds of thousands applied under the program, and INS had to scramble to redirect resources. As a result, the backlog of unresolved cases ballooned to around 6 million in 2003, and wait times at some immigration offices were

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two years or more—even for relatively straightforward matters.

Unrealistic mandates like these are largely to blame for the backlog of immigration applications, which is now "only" 4.5 million. Since it can't work through these anytime soon, the immigration service often issues work permits and travel documents to many green-card applicants right when they submit their forms, knowing that it will be years before anyone actually reads the application. This is the present situation at the agency that is supposed to carry out extensive, complicated new responsibilities under the proposed immigration bills.

So, if an immigration package anything like McCain-Kennedy or Cornyn-Kyl were to pass, the following would almost assuredly occur: Immigration offices would be deluged by millions of applications that would need to be approved under a tight deadline; harried DHS employees would be forced to put aside their other duties to meet the onslaught; candidates for citizenship—foreign spouses of Americans, refugees, skilled workers sponsored by employers—would effectively be pushed to the back of the line; political pressure would force DHS to cut corners in adjudicating the applications; and huge numbers of ineligible applicants would be approved (in addition to the huge numbers of eligible applicants).

The workload created by any such program would be larger than the annual number of visas currently issued worldwide by the State Department (approximately 5 million), and many times larger than the annual number of green cards issued by DHS (around 1 million). Delays, mistakes, and fraud may not be what the supporters of the immigration bills have in mind, but they are nonetheless the guaranteed outcome. None of this is to pin blame on the bureaucrats charged with implementing congressional mandates. Rather, the proposals themselves are the problem, measures animated by an almost utopian spirit, one that seeks to solve an enormous and long-brewing problem with one swift masterstroke.

Things don't work that way in the real world. Instead, the illegal population needs to be decreased via muscular, across-the-board immigration enforcement over a long term. Rather than wait for a magic solution, we can implement an attrition strategy right now, using available resources. We could, for instance, immediately reject fake Social Security numbers submitted by employers on behalf of new employees (the government currently looks the other way). Or the Treasury Department could instruct banks that the Mexican government's illegal-alien ID card is no longer a valid form of identification. Or a small portion of enforcement resources could be devoted to random raids at day-labor gathering spots. This has an added advantage: As more resources become available—be they monetary or technological—they could easily bolster the attrition approach, as opposed to current proposals, which from the get-go require vast and untested programs.

An attrition strategy would adopt the conservative goal of shrinking the illegal-alien population over time by making it unappealing to be an illegal alien in the first place. As a result, fewer people would come here illegally, and those already here would be more inclined to deport themselves. Over the space of several years, what is now a crisis could be reduced to a manageable nuisance.

Now that's realistic. **NR**

■ **ESSAY II**

Who Are We?

An ancient, many-faced question, now with acute relevance

DAVID FRUM

WHO are we? It's an eternal human question, and though it is only three words long, it can be posed in three radically different ways. "Who are we?" can be the question of the newly independent country or the newly liberated group: Where do we come from, what is our story? "Who are we?" can also be the question of the troubled or the uncertain, the question of conscience. And finally, "Who are we?" can be the question of the nation at war or the group under attack: Where is the boundary to be drawn between us and those who threaten us—who is in the group and who is out?

Phrased that last way, this eternal human question has suddenly become immediate and urgent for the nations of Europe. At the Labour party's national conference nine days after the first London bombing, British prime minister Tony Blair offered a powerful and memorable answer: "The spirit of our age is one in which the prejudices of the past are put behind us, where our diversity is our strength. It is this which is under attack. Moderates are not moderate through weakness but through strength. Now is the time to show it in defense of our common values."

Some might scoff that Blair is putting the prejudices of the past behind us in order to vacate more room for the prejudices of the present. But unpack Blair's words more fully, and you do get a coherent proposition. What is under attack, says Blair, is a "spirit of the age," the spirit that hails "diversity" as "our strength." The attackers are Islamic extremists who "demand the elimination of Israel; the withdrawal of all Westerners from Muslim countries . . . ; the establishment of effectively Taliban states and Sharia law in the Arab world en route to one caliphate of all Muslim nations." And from there, Blair could have added, ultimately to all the world—for the London bombers very much envision Britain as a subject territory of the new caliphate.

All true, and all well said. But what about the attacked? What are these common values they share? What do they believe? Who are we?

UNIFORM DIVERSITY

From the very beginning of the 9/11 conflict between radical Islam and the West, these hard questions have haunted national leaders, strategists and writers, and the general public. In the early days of the War on Terror, there used to be a species called "the liberal hawk." George Packer (himself one of the most impressive of the species) wrote an article about them for *The New York Times Magazine*. The species is endangered now. These birds turned out to be highly susceptible to

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even the slightest change in the climate of their native habitat. They fell victim too to the disease of anti-Bush distemper, and over the past few months almost all of them have shed their once bold plumage, changed their colors, or disappeared altogether.

In their heyday, however, the liberal hawks offered a bold definition of the issue at stake. It was, Paul Berman argued, a battle of liberalism against terror. Or, as Andrew Sullivan argued in October 2001: "This surely is a religious war—but not of Islam versus Christianity and Judaism. Rather, it is a war of fundamentalism against faiths of all kinds that are at peace with freedom and modernity. This war even has far gentler echoes in America's own religious conflicts—between newer, more virulent strands of Christian fundamentalism and mainstream Protestantism and Catholicism."

The liberal hawks offered many opinion leaders a war they could understand and welcome: Round CCCLV of the ongoing struggle between the forces of enlightenment on one hand and religious obscurantism on the other. *Ecrasez l'infâme*, as Voltaire demanded so long ago—and as the American Civil Liberties Union is still busily attempting to do. "Crush the infamous thing"—that thing being the Christian Church and especially the Catholic Church. You may have caught echoes of this line of argument in your daily life. "You oppose same-sex marriage? So how are you different from those Islamic extremists?" Or: "Hey, I would have thought you would approve of the way the Taliban treated women." Think of all those jokes about the "Taliban wing" of the Republican party.

Tony Blair was the original liberal hawk, albeit one endowed with rather more staying power than most of the breed. Still, you can catch a continuing echo of the Old Labour way of thinking in his July 16 speech to the Labour-party conference: They believe in the global caliphate; we believe in . . . diversity, which is to say, in everything, which is again to say, in nothing. That's why Blair refers to "our common values" without dropping any hint as to what those values might be. To name them would be to exclude others, and to exclude things is to acknowledge limits to our diversity.

But of course all societies are diverse, and in many respects more diverse than our own. Compare Britain to, say, Egypt. Egypt is home to English-speaking Harvard graduates with second homes in Switzerland—and to illiterate peasants who have seen little more of the world than the backside of an ox. The differences between rich and poor, urban and rural, men and women, adults and children, the military and civilians, the religious and the secular, those connected to modern technology and those cut off from it, those with access to the law, banks, and education and those denied it, those who support the social and political status quo and those who oppose it—all of these are vastly greater in Egypt or almost any Middle Eastern country than they are in Western Europe or North America.

You could even argue that the most arresting thing about modern Western societies is their stupendous absence of diversity. An American can travel 3,000 miles from coast to coast while speaking the same language, using the same money, watching the same television programs in identically laid out hotel rooms, eating the same dishes at the same national restaurant chains, his property and rights protected by the same legal code, meeting people who share more ideas, more habits, more assumptions, more of everything with him than at any previous time in the nation's existence. The same is increasingly true from one end of Europe to the other.

Those liberal hawks who sought to define their society by its tolerance, by its openness, by all the things of which it was not certain, by all the things that it did not believe—they were on to something, yes, but not the most important thing. Beneath all those uncertainties and doubts, and supporting them, were the things in which that society did believe: believed so strongly that it never articulated them, did not even know were there.

The Islamic extremists speak for deeply humiliated people. They say: "We may be poor, we may be backward, we may lack technology and lose wars. We may no longer write anything the world cares to read or produce anything the world cares to buy, except for the oil under our soil that your geologists found and for which your engineers developed a use. But none of that matters. We have the truth—and you do not." Those who define Western society by all that we do *not* believe: Don't they rather agree with these Islamic extremists? "Yes, we are rich, we are advanced, we have technology, and we win wars. The whole world wants to have what we have. But you are right: We have no truths to offer, only doubts and guilt." The debate over same-sex marriage perfectly exemplifies this bizarre tacit agreement.

The Islamic extremists accuse the West of lacking any sexual morality. Indeed, the alleged immorality of the West—the indecent liberty of women, the lewd explicitness of entertainment—is one of the principal grievances of Islamic radicals in the West. (One of the perpetrators of the second London bombing, Somali-born Yasin Hassan Omar, was also offended that alcohol was sold in Western cities in violation of Islamic law.) They think: The West believes in nothing but personal whim. Anything goes! And those Westerners who draw comparisons between Islamic extremists and defenders of traditional marriage—don't they think just the same thing? Yes! We believe in nothing but personal—well, not whim, that sounds . . . whimsical—but *choice*. Anything goes!

Blair refers to 'our common values' without dropping any hint as to what those values might be. To name them would be to exclude others, and to exclude things is to acknowledge limits to our diversity.

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But "we" do believe in something more than choice, or did. "We" believed that relations between men and women were governed by a moral code that acknowledged both the differences between the sexes and the equality of the sexes. We believed in companionate marriage because we believed that the sexes were complementary: different in ways that sparked desire, similar in ways that made possible lifelong intimacy and friendship. "We" had an affirmative vision of relations between the sexes that was both egalitarian and moral—moral, precisely because it was egalitarian. Indeed, as Edward Said complains at some length in his famous book *Orientalism*, from the 18th century until recently a long Western literary and artistic tradition dwelt lingeringly on the lascivious fantasies summoned by the subordination and segregation of women in the Middle East. When 19th-century painters wished to fill their canvases with voluptuously naked women, they set the scene in an Ottoman harem.

The reality, of course, was more brutal than titillating—both then and now. That reality was vividly expressed in a June 19 television interview with a Saudi cleric, Sheikh Abd al-Muhsin al-Abikan, as transcribed and translated by the indispensable MEMRI.org. Bear in mind here that al-Abikan is one of the good guys of Saudi Islam: a critic of terrorism who has ruled the suicide bombings in Iraq a violation of Muslim law.

> ABIKAN: [We should] expose the false slogans spread by the West, claiming that they are the people of democracy, of justice, and of freedom, and that their regimes bring about good for all mankind. If we compare these societies to Muslim society, Muslim society would be superior in all aspects. In fact, they are more advanced than we are only in modern technology and material development, but at the expense of social behavior. These societies lack many things. The women . . . They say there must be equality between men and women? Equality in what way? For example, they talk about equality in how they are treated, but, in fact, they have no equality. The woman is more advanced than the man. The husband opens the car door for his wife, and lets her speak before him. Is this equality? No, it's the opposite. This is advancing the woman before the man. Western men should object to this.
>
> HOST: She has the same rights as others.
>
> ABIKAN: Western men should say: 'You've given women preference instead of equality.' Equality should mean, for example, that the woman has to walk next to the man. If they enter a place, they should enter together, or whoever gets there first. Why should he open the door for her? Why should he carry the bags, while she walks ahead? You see such things. The woman walks ahead, and the man lags behind with the bags. Is this equality? They are spreading empty and false slogans. This is not equality but rather the opposite. They have turned upside down what religious law has decreed with regard to men and women in Islam. If we compare the status of women in our society and in the West, we find that our women enjoy a status of respect. The woman is honored, protected, and respected, and she enjoys the full rights accorded to her in Islam, whereas in other societies she is persecuted. She goes out to public places like men, and serves the men, and works twice. At home, she has an important task—raising her children. She's burdened by hardship of working outside, as well as the hardship of working at home. Who is supposed to prepare the meals and make the home suitable for living and for a happy marital life? Who will carry out this task? The woman, of course. Is she a servant? In this case, she won't be able to do this work. This is a woman's basic work, and if she goes out it is more work. In other words, they have burdened her with more work, on top of her basic work, and they have oppressed and exploited her. On the other hand, in our society, she is honored and respected, thank God.

As migration from the Middle East and North Africa brings West and East together in the same European cities, imported brutalities have begun to occur under the jurisdiction of Western police and Western courts: "honor killings," forced marriages, and the below-the-horizon pressure for the tacit legal recognition of polygamy. Britain's Inland Revenue acknowledged in December 2004 that it was considering legal changes that would permit a husband to divide his estate tax-free among more than one wife. In at least one U.K. case (*A-M* v. *A-M*, 2001), British courts have held that polygamous marriages contracted outside Britain could be recognized as valid by British authorities. Although it remains a crime in Britain to enter into a second marriage before the first is dissolved, senior Muslim officials estimate that up to 4,000 British Muslim men have multiple wives. And one British Muslim group plans to launch a challenge to British marriage laws before the European Court of Human Rights.

These imported arrangements are often excused on grounds of choice. Reading through half a dozen handbooks of Islamic family law, one finds strikingly similar language recurring again and again: "Polygamy in Islam is a matter of mutual consent. No one can force a woman to marry a married man." Although one may entertain doubts about the reality of this "consent," at least theoretically it could be true that multiple marriage could occur as a result of the free choice of consenting adults.

What happens then? Will "we" make a place for this new way of life as just the latest tile in the "gorgeous mosaic" of our diversity? Or will some kinds of diversity prove just too diverse for "us"?

Back in 2001, back when the liberal hawks were arguing that the War on Terror was a war of enlightened liberalism against religious obscurantism, I wondered: Would anybody point out that enlightened liberalism itself rested on a religious foundation? And that when severed from that religious foundation, enlightened liberalism might discover that it had severed itself from the strength it needed to survive in a world of harsh competing systems of belief? Quickly it became apparent that while many might think so, few cared or dared to say so.

And of course the situation in Europe is even worse. Now, as Europeans struggle to find the words to justify their self-defense—as they scramble to persuade themselves that they are worth defending—they must wake up to this hard thought: National survival in the age of terror is not just a matter of intelligence operations and security measures. It's not just a job for armies and police. National survival depends on the willingness and ability of the targets of terrorism to assert and defend a national identity: an identity that is more than a catalogue of self-doubts and self-criticisms, an identity that is more than a statement of disagreements and diversities—an identity that can say, in English, in French, in German, on behalf of the nations of the Atlantic community on both sides of the ocean, *This is who we are—and we are prepared to fight for it.* **NR**

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■ APPRECIATION

A Man Who Knew His Century

Arthur Koestler, born 100 years ago

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

In a slightly dingy side street, not far from the center of Budapest, stands a house with a plaque on its brick wall recording that on September 5, 1905, Arthur Koestler was born in an apartment on the first floor. The course of his life was to dramatize the epoch's defining struggle between democracy and totalitarianism. His world-famous novel *Darkness at Noon*, and then his groundbreaking essay in the collection *The God That Failed*, powerfully dispelled the appeal of Communism. In return, throughout the Cold War the Soviets and their mouthpieces attacked him as an Enemy of the People, and it was too dangerous for him to revisit Budapest. What a revolution that they are proud of him now in his native country! That plaque signifies that Hungary has regained its freedom, and Koestler's courage and genius are recognized at last.

Koestler liked to say that he was a typical Central European blown about in the storms of the century. This was true in the sense that the coming Age of the Dictators was unimaginable in families like his. His father was a businessman with quirky and loss-making ideas, for instance developing radioactive toilet soap and a machine for cutting envelopes open. That family apartment, Koestler recorded, was "stuffed with plush curtains, antimacassars, tassels, fringes, lace covers, bronze nymphs, cuspidors, and Meissen stags at bay." Social claustrophobia, his Jewish heritage, curiosity about everything under the sun, and above all a supreme intelligence set him off on a lifelong existential inquiry.

Arrow in the Blue and *The Invisible Writing*, his two volumes of autobiography, document like no other books contemporary intellectual fashions and passions. As a young man at the University of Vienna, Koestler became a Jewish nationalist, a Zionist. In 1926, in the first of a series of steps motivated by ideological belief, he emigrated to British-controlled Palestine. He learned Hebrew. Chance brought him a job as a journalist with the Ullstein press, Germany's leading publishers. This meant moving back to Europe, and he reached Berlin on September 14, 1930, the day of the elections that sealed Hitler's rise to power. The age of reason and enlightenment, he was to write, was drawing to a close.

Communism appeared to oppose Nazism, and that naturally attracted Koestler. But he makes it clear that for him the doctrine fulfilled the much wider task of answering his existential doubts, in particular the inferiority complex he ascribed to himself. A closed system, Communism relieved the believer of responsibility for himself. The Party commissioned him to write a travel book about the Soviet Union. Now he learned Russian, and in July 1932 he took a train to Kharkov in the belief that once more he was emigrating to a promised land. Much later—long after the commissioned travel book—he wrote an account of that journey to analyze how he could so have deceived himself, but it still comes as a shock that someone of such superior intelligence could have observed the victims of Stalin's enforced famine in Ukraine and rationalized the horror away. (The Party published only an expurgated version of his original travel book. Some KGB archive must have the complete manuscript of what would be a major literary curiosity.)

Luckily Koestler was allowed to leave the Soviet Union. In Paris he then became part of the Comintern propaganda outfit directed by the inventive but sinister Willi Münzenberg. In that capacity, he was sent undercover as a war correspondent for a British newspaper to the Franco side in the Spanish civil war. In *Spanish Testament*, yet another classic, he describes the series of events in which he was detected as a Communist agent, and held in solitary confinement under sentence of death for over a hundred days. In a characteristic phrase he speaks of the "oceanic feeling" that the prospect of execution induced. A committee of the great and the good made a scandal of his plight, and he was then exchanged for one of Franco's pilots who had been shot down.

Communism in fact proved not the opposite of Nazism, but its kindred spirit. In obedience to Stalin, the German Communist party played Hitler's game by helping to destroy the moderates, the Social Democrats, in a tacit collaboration with Nazism that the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939 brought into the open, and that made world war inevitable. In the last years of peace, living in Paris, Koestler came to realize that Communism was essentially a religious rather than a political phenomenon; it was a new faith based on Soviet mythology. The doctrine held that the ends justified the means, and that, he concluded, was the root of its evil.

Liberated from the Party and in possession of inside knowledge of its workings, Koestler sat down to write *Darkness at Noon*. He modeled his hero Rubashov on Bukharin and Radek and other victims of Stalin's recent and terrifying show trials. They were palpably not guilty of the accusations against them but confessed nonetheless. An astounded world wondered why they had consented to their own judicial murder. In Koestler's account, the Party has higher but hidden reasons for demanding that these men confess to crimes they could not have committed. Since by definition the Party can do no wrong, their self-incrimination is a last service to it. "Die in silence" is a refrain running through the novel. The reality was far simpler: These unfortunates were tortured and their wives and families victimized because a paranoid Stalin saw them as rivals. Nonetheless this imaginative depiction of Communism in practice proved more powerful than any number of polemics, and soon gave Koestler his international reputation.

THE ENEMY OF RED TERROR

On the outbreak of war, the French police did not distinguish between foreign Communists and foreign ex-Communists, but arrested the lot. Koestler spent some months in the concentration camp of Le Vernet, until yet another committee of influential people had him released. A few days before the blitzkrieg of May 1940, Koestler mailed the manuscript of *Darkness at Noon* to his London publisher. After a long and dangerous circuit through Spain, Morocco, and Portugal, he escaped to England only that

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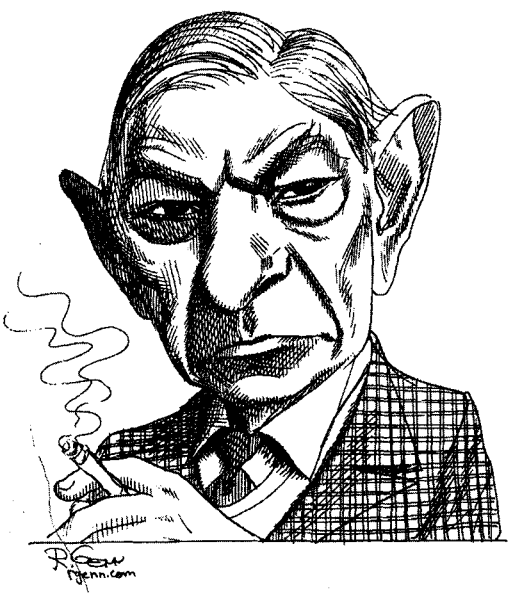
November, and for the third time in a few years he was imprisoned without trial. Once more friends went into operation on his behalf. Afterwards he always claimed that British prisons were preferable to others, and that England was "the best country to sleep in."

The more the Red Army advanced during the war and afterwards, the more enthusiastically European intellectuals turned to Communism. Koestler was appalled that so many educated people could ignore Soviet reality. On the basis of personal experience, he campaigned to give anti-Communism an irrefutable intellectual framework. Along with James Burnham, John Dewey, Sidney Hook, Melvin Lasky, and others, he was a moving force in the Congress of Cultural Freedom, an organization sponsored by the United States in defense of democracy. Symbolizing his seriousness of purpose, he broke very publicly with fellow-travelers like Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, both of them former friends.

In the front-line exchanges of the Cold War, Communists vilified him, bracketing him with George Orwell, whose novel *1984* is the other great imaginative exposure of Communism, and sometimes they called for the two of them to be put to death; at one point Koestler had police protection. Orwell thought that *Darkness at Noon* was a masterpiece that "reaches the stature of tragedy." He noted how Koestler had evolved to "a position not far removed from pessimistic Conservatism," detecting with his own inimitable puritanism that Koestler's weakness was a "hedonistic strain."



Arthur Koestler

Too restless to settle, Koestler hopped from a farmhouse in Wales to Jerusalem to write about the foundation of the state of Israel, and from a house in the Loire valley to an island in the Delaware River, and a retreat at Alpbach in Austria. By nature a Don Juan, he was a difficult husband. One of his wives, the beautiful Mamaine Paget, wrote letters—now published—to her sister, in which she regularly brings up his bad temper and "fits of madness" but forgives everything out of admiration for his genius.

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

By the time I came to know Koestler, in 1960, he was very much the English gentleman in appearance, a compact figure beautifully turned out in handmade clothes. The Hungarian accent alone gave away his origins. Once in the small hours, when he had drunk too much, he drove his Austrian-licensed Mercedes into the car parked in front, and then reversed into a red mailbox behind. Stepping out of the shadows, a policeman excused him on the grounds that he must be used to driving on the right. "You think I am a bloody for-reigner?" Koestler replied. "Couldn't you see ze vindscreen vipers vouldn't vork?" Considering that he had switched to writing in English around the age of 40, the versatility of his language is striking. "Ratology" is the term he coined for theories about human beings derived from the study of laboratory rats; he hated behaviorism in any form. A "mimophant" is one with feelings as delicate as mimosa towards the self but elephantine feelings towards others. The English were Old Struthonians, from the Latin *strutho*, an ostrich.

The undoubted hedonism was suffused with some despair about the state of the world. By then, he had more or less given up on politics. The West, he thought, had lacked the moral fiber to resist Nazism and for the same reason would eventually succumb to Communism. England was in the process of committing slow suicide through socialism; Europe was a lost cause. He had decided to fill in the interval before the apocalypse by returning to subjects that had always interested him: the history of science, evolution, the nature of creativity, parapsychology, and the study of coincidence.

Cynthia Jeffries had entered his life as a secretary as early as 1948 and she became his third wife in 1965. They lived in a stately house in one of the grander London squares. At midday on Sundays their friends used to gather, mostly like-minded editors and journalists with an anti-Communist background such as Melvin Lasky and Leo Labedz, as well as Hungarians including George Mikes, the Nobel Prize winner Dennis Gabor, and Paul Ignotus, author of *Political Prisoner*, a book that ought to be better known, about his persecution by the Communists. I heard Goronwy Rees describe to one of these Sunday gatherings how Anthony Blunt, the supercilious but then-respected art historian, had tried in 1939 to recruit him as a Comintern agent. Blunt's treason was a commonplace in this circle, but inexplicably the public had to wait for another 15 or so years before they heard about it. (On another occasion Rees was thrown out of the house for admiring Tchaikovsky, whose music Koestler thought kitsch.) I remember Koestler trying to explain to me the binary-denary system, Lamarck's theories, and how Bobby Fischer, better than any chess player ever, understood "ze midfield aura of ze qveen." Everything was grist to this genuine polymath.

The aura of history accompanied him. He had interviewed Einstein, Freud, Thomas Mann, King Faisal of Iraq, and Faisal's brother King Abdullah of Jordan; he had hobnobbed with Communist leaders and victims who were household names in their day; he had known as an equal André Malraux and Albert Camus; and André Gide had praised him as "a supreme journalist." Primo Levi saluted him as the teacher of their generation. Afflicted by leukemia as well as Parkinson's disease, he took his own life in 1983. Out of a devotion that he was powerless to stem, Cynthia chose to die with him. They fell on their swords, it can be said, in the manner of ancient Romans.

The Soviet Union is no more; that once-awesome enemy simply folded and crept away. He would have been astonished, and skeptical too, in the awareness that this was only one victory and democracy must always fight to win, and few of us have his spirit for the fight. There ought to be some way of fixing a memorial plaque in his honor on the whole murderous 20th century. **NR**

ROMAN GENN

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HELP !!!!

Clinton Hits a Bump

Things had been going swimmingly;
Her dorsal cut the waves
Irritably as great white's when
A tummy, cranky, craves.
Then, surfacing like Moby Dick
For New York's primary
Pops Mrs. Pirro, jaws agape.
Dentists still murmur, "Gee."

—W. H. von Dreele

"No kind of wine goes with pork rinds."

POLITICALLY CORRECT
By Jim Huber
YOU TOO ARE A FAN OF CINDY SHEEHAN, THE BUSH-HATING, LEFTIST MOM WHO LOST HER SON IN IRAQ?
NO
CASEY SHEEHAN
SHEEHAN IS A HERO
WHO?
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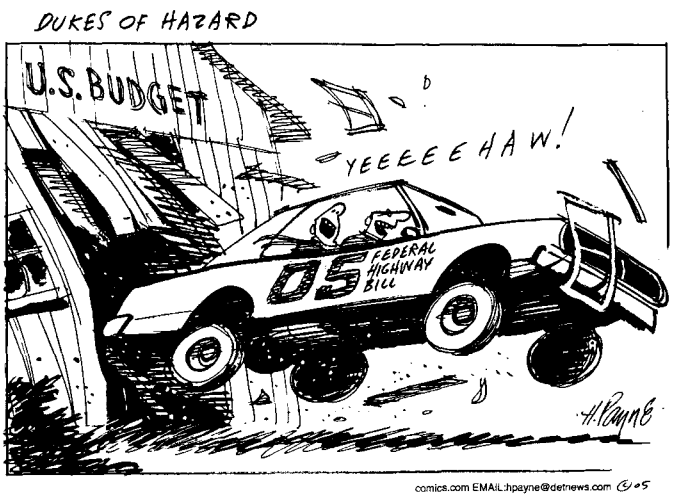

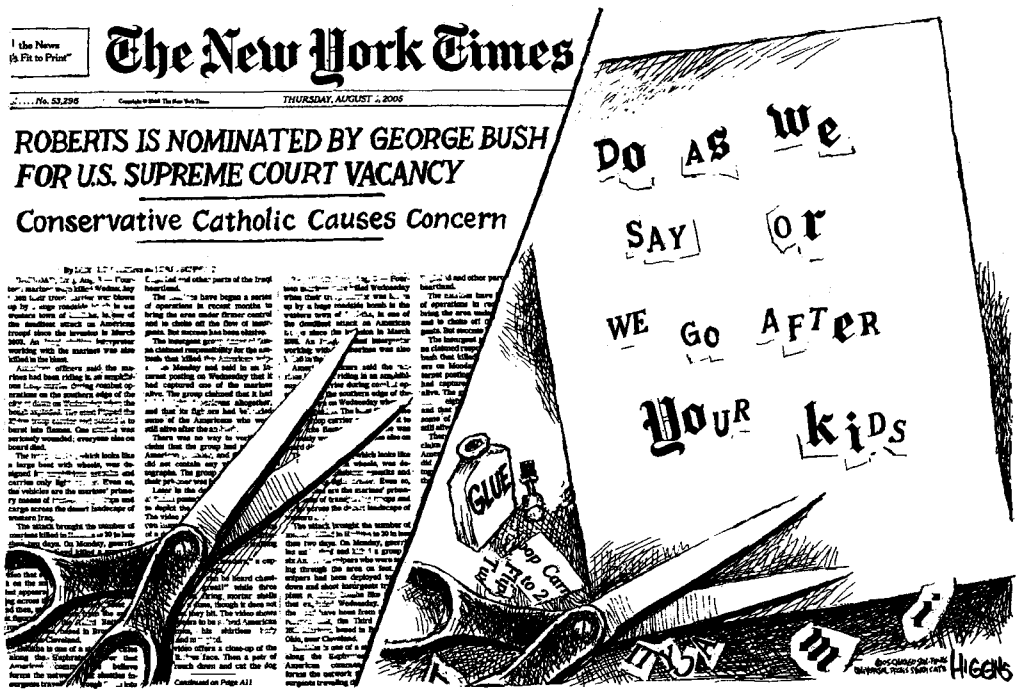
The New York Times
THURSDAY, AUGUST , 2005
ROBERTS IS NOMINATED BY GEORGE BUSH FOR U.S. SUPREME COURT VACANCY
Conservative Catholic Causes Concern
DO AS WE SAY OR WE GO AFTER YOUR KIDS
GLUE
HIGGINS

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the long view

ROB LONG

From the Cindy Sheehan Inbox, September 2006 . . .

TO: csheehan@americasmother.org
FROM: frich@nytimes.com
SUBJ: Cindy Sheehan has sent you an Evite!

Got your voicemails and email. Can't make your birthday party, sorry—

Frank

Sent wirelessly with BlackBerry

TO: csheehan@americasmother.org
FROM: kos@dailykos.com
SUBJ: RE: blog partners??

Cindy:
It was good to hear from you. Thanks for the update. I wondered what you were up to.

Thanks for your ideas on my blog. I'm not sure that it's "lost its zip," as you put it—actually, our traffic is way, way up—and I'm also not so sure that your proposed remedy—that you and I become "co-bloggers" or however you put it—is in the cards for Daily Kos. I did not "ride the Cindy Sheehan tidal wave all the way to the top," by the way, and I resent your saying I did. DailyKos.com was a popular and widely-read weblog way, way before your Crawford vigil began (and no one is disputing your moral authority here) so I'm kind of confused about the attitude.

Kos

TO: csheehan@americasmother.org
FROM: modowd@nytimes.com
SUBJ: RE: Lunch? This week? Next week?

Sorry can't do lunch this week or next. Crazy here at paper. Best, MO'D.

Sent wirelessly with BlackBerry

TO: csheehan@americasmother.org
FROM arianna@huffpo.com
SUBJ: RE: RE: RE: RE: my LA schedule

Cindy:
I've just now logged on to my old email account from last year and gotten your message that you were coming to Los Angeles! So sad to have missed you! I hope you had a great time here and ended up finding a place to stay. Sorry to have been unavailable.

It would have been great to catch up—so much has happened in the past year! It seems like only yesterday we were blogging away together, you out there in the hot Crawford sun, me here, in Brentwood, by the pool. Anyway.

I'm busy busy with my website (we're actually turning a profit!) and appearances etc., so it's hard to keep up with all of my old friends. Next time you're going to be in town, please let my assistant know in advance and maybe we can schedule a photo or something . . .

Keep fighting away! Or whatever it is you're doing these days!

Arianna

TO: csheehan@americasmother.org
FROM: hrclinton@senate.us.gov
SUBJ: RE: Maybe we should meet??

Dear csheehan@americasmother.org,
Senator Clinton has asked me to thank you for your recent email.

The senator appreciates hearing your thoughts, and thanks you for taking the time to share them with her. America and New York's wonderful diversity of views is what makes us such a strong nation, and citizens such as yourself, csheehan@americasmother.org, who care so deeply about the issues that face us help Senator Clinton formulate policy decisions.

We're sure you understand that the senator receives a great deal of mail, and is therefore unable to answer each one personally.

Office of Senator Hillary Clinton

TO: csheehan@americasmother.org
FROM: wblitzer@cnn.com
SUBJ: RE: Need my reax to Iraqi constitution??

Cindy:
Thanks but we're set with that, best, Wolf.

Sent wirelessly with BlackBerry

TO: csheehan@americasmother.org
FROM: joanbaez@earthlink.net
SUBJ: RE: Tickets? House seats?

Cindy:
I don't know why your last email was so snippy. I didn't accuse you of trying to get free tickets to my show at the Concord Pavilion, I just mentioned that tickets were tight and that the promoter was coming down hard on me for giving so many away. If you come, please let Estelle in my office know so that I can make sure you guys get t-shirts or mugs or whatever we've got. I'd love to have you guys come backstage after the show, but insurance, etc. won't allow it. Again, call Estelle if you're coming. (This is Estelle writing the email. Joan's in Big Sur without internet access and told me what to type over the phone.)

Estelle

TO: csheehan@americasmother.org
FROM: larry@airamerica.com
SUBJ: An opportunity . . .

Dear Cindy:

As you know, Air America has had a challenging and exciting past year. And the future is looking even brighter!

After emerging from Chapter 11 receivership, we've transformed ourselves from a sleepy old-fashioned 20th-century radio network with thousands of listeners into a fast-paced outlet for news and views available for four hours on shortwave and as a Windows-based podcast.

It's an exciting time to be a part of the Air America team, especially now that every creditor has been settled out and the U. S. Attorney's office has issued a statement announcing no new indictments are forthcoming!

We all remember your brave stand last summer, and are hoping you'll agree to be a program host (unpaid) for the new Air America, set to relaunch next month. Please let us know as soon as possible!

The Air America Team

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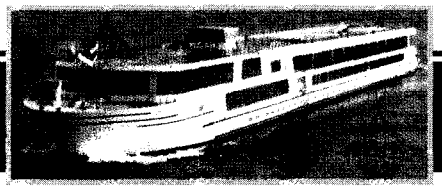
Sailing May 4-13, 2006

Rhine River Charter

WITH MICHAEL NOVAK, CAL THOMAS, MONA CHAREN, JOHN O'NEILL, KATE O'BEIRNE, RICH LOWRY, and JAY NORDLINGER



VISITING AMSTERDAM, DÜSSELDORF, COLOGNE, KOBLENZ, MAINZ, RÜDESHEIM, HEIDELBERG, MANNHEIM, STRASBOURG, AND BASEL

WE ARE PROUD to announce *National Review*'s next delightful adventure: our 2006 *Rhine River Charter Cruise*.

Featuring a line-up of all-star conservative speakers, and a glorious four-country Rhine River itinerary—Amsterdam in The Netherlands; Düsseldorf, Cologne, Koblenz, Rüdesheim, Mainz, Mannheim, and Gernsheim in Germany; Strasbourg in France; and Basel in Switzerland—this special trip (which includes two days "pre-cruise" in Amsterdam!) will take place May 4-13, 2006, aboard Viking River Cruises' new and luxurious 5-star *Helvetia II*.

You must join us for this thrilling charter trip—our *NR*-only contingent of congenial conservatives will enjoy a fabulous itinerary and inclusive excursions—a package that Viking River Cruises *specially* designed for us! We're certain this will be another intimate *NR* experience (the luxurious *Helvetia II*, which will launch in April, 2006, holds just 200 people) that you *won't* want to miss.

Joining us for all the unrivaled conservative revelry and discussion of major events, trends, and policies will be **Michael Novak**, the eminent scholar, philosopher, and author (the NRO Contributing Editor writes powerfully on theology, economics, and public policy); **John O'Neill**, the Vietnam War hero who founded "Swift Boat Veterans for Truth," which played a major role in the 2004 presidential elections, respected columnists and authors **Cal Thomas** and **Mona Charen**, and *NR* all-stars **Rich Lowry**, **Kate O'Beirne**, and **Jay Nordlinger** (we have also extended several other invitations to other outstanding conservatives!).

Surely, *NR*'s 18th(!) cruise will be second to none. The itinerary alone is worth the trip:

AMSTERDAM This 800-year-old city is renowned for its magnificent museums, colorful gardens, glorious architecture, and endless lattice of canals. During our pre-cruise stay , we'll enjoy a special tour of the famous Keukenhof/Aalsmeer flower auction.

DÜSSELDORF This major arts center, home to numerous theaters, museums, and the German Opera House, is also a shopper's paradise (the Königsallee features many classy shops and pavement cafés). Our guided city tour will include a visit to Benrath Palace, with its stunning rococo interior and massive, beautiful gardens.

COLOGNE An intriguing mix of old and new, Cologne's Roman heritage is evident from the city's layout and many ancient ruins. Its modern plazas and the Hohe-Strasse, a pedestrian-only retail zone, provide ample shopping, lively bars and enticing restaurants. On our city tour, we'll visit the city's famous 14th century gothic Dom Cathedral (as well as a "Brauhaus" visit!).

KOBLENZ Capturing traditional German charm, this city of cobblestone streets, ancient market squares, and medieval churches is home to the Ehrenbreitstein (Europe's oldest fortress). From here we'll be taking an exciting, extended, and guided tour of the Mosel Valley!

RÜDESHEIM This lovely city is the chief

8 FREE TOURS INCLUDE HEIDELBERG & MOSEL VALLEY!

DAY/DATE	PORT	ARRIVE	DEPART	SPECIAL EVENT
Thur/May 4	Amsterdam	Arrive morning		Transfer to hotel
Fri/May 5	Amsterdam			Keukenhof/Aalsmeer flower auction tour
Sat/May 6	Amsterdam		6:30pm	Afternoon panel session Evening cocktail reception
Sun/May 7	Düsseldorf	11:00am	(overnight)	Morning panel session City tour/Benrath Palace
Mon/May 8	Düsseldorf		4:30am	
	Cologne	9:00am	10:00pm	City Walk/Cathedral and Brauhaus Tour Late-night Smoker
Tue/May 9	Koblenz	6:00am	2:00pm	Mosel Valley excursion Afternoon panel session Evening cocktail reception
	Rüdesheim	7:30pm	(overnight)	Late-evening wine tasting
Wed/May 10	Rüdesheim		6:00am	
	Mainz	8:30am	12:00 noon	Gutenberg museum and City walking tour
	Gernsheim	2:30pm (drop off)		Heidelberg excursion
	Mannheim	6:00pm	(overnight)	
Thur/May 11	Mannheim		2:00am	Morning panel session
	Strasbourg	2:00pm	(overnight)	City tour Late-night smoker
Fri/May 12	Strasbourg		1:00pm	Alsace/Vosges excursion Afternoon panel session Evening cocktail party
Sat/May 13	Basel	12:00 midnight (arrive)		

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on Viking River Cruises' new *Helvetia II*

Cruise

FREE TWO-DAY PRE-CRUISE
STAY IN HISTORIC AMSTERDAM!

center of the Rhine wine industry. Its famed Drosselgasse, a tavern-lined, cobblestone street, attracts locals and visitors alike. Half-timbered medieval houses, narrow streets, and old inns give the town the flavor of the Middle Ages.

MAINZ This ancient Roman city and important Middle Ages' trade center is famous as the home to printing pioneer Johannes Gutenberg. *NR*'s contingent will be visiting the Gutenberg Museum, as part of a City Walking tour. St. Stephen's Cathedral, which features Chagall's glorious stained-glass windows, is a must-see!

GERNSHEIM From this charming port we'll take an *NR* group tour to Heidelberg, famous for its esteemed university, charming Old Town, and awesome castle.

MANNHEIM Renowned for its classical "chessboard" layout dating from the 17th century, Mannheim—featuring many elegant shops, cafés, and restaurants—is a haven for culture and the arts. You'll find the baroque Mannheim Residence, with its ornamental stucco knights' hall, of special interest.

STRASBOURG This delightful border city exhibits both French and German influences. The old streets of "Petit France"—we'll saunter down them on the *NR* guided City Walk tour—with wooden houses and picturesque canals seem to make time stand still. We'll stay in this very special place overnight, with our second "day" featuring an *NR* excursion to delightful Alsace and Vosges.

BASEL Our last port is located at the point where French, German and Swiss borders meet, historic Basel, with cobblestone streets, 18th century buildings and three surviving medieval gates, is the gateway to the Swiss Rhineland.

That phenomenal cruise will be made all the better by the many "extras" that are part of an *NR* experience: The ***National Review 2006 Rhine River Charter Cruise*** will feature six seminar sessions (each two hours!) where our guest speakers and editors candidly discuss today's most important issues; three classy cocktail receptions and two delightful "smokers" featuring **H. Upmann** cigars (picture yourself on the Sun Deck, a delightful drink in hand, surrounded by new-found friends, as the luxurious *Helvetia II* gently sails past the most charming villages and vistas you will ever see, in the company of friends old and new!); plus intimate dining on two nights with our editors and guest speakers!

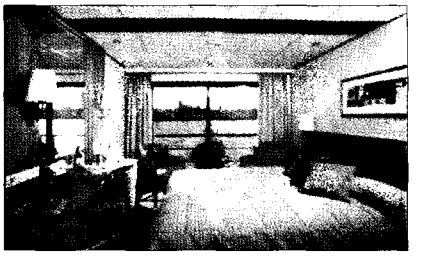
It's the trip of a lifetime—that's why 40 cabins (nearly half our available rooms!) are already booked . Don't miss out: Sign up today—call 1-800-707-1634 for a reservation kit, or get complete information (and sign up) right now at **www.nrcruise.com.**

Experience the trip of a lifetime: Join us in May, 2006—along with Michael Novak, Cal Thomas, Mona Charen, John O'Neill, Rich Lowry, Kate O'Beirne, and Jay Nordlinger—on the ***National Review 2006 Rhine River Charter Cruise.***

NR-ONLY LUXURY CRUISE LIMITED TO 170 GUESTS. PRICES START AT $3,999 P/P!

A relaxing journey down the glorious Rhine on the beautiful, new Viking *Helvetia II* is the best way to see Europe up close and in depth! Superior service, gourmet cuisine, elegant cabins, expert-led excursions—and the pleasure of traveling with an *NR*-only group—await you on our special trip. Prices are per-person, based on double occupancy, and include port fees, taxes, gratuities, group excursion, all meals, entertainment, and admittance to and participation in all *National Review* functions.

DELUXE SUITE
All staterooms on the beautiful new *Helvetia II* are a comfortable 155 square feet, and include a private bathroom and shower, TV, safe, hairdryer, air-conditioning, and come with a variety of window selections:



CATEGORY A French Windows which open to small exterior river view landing, allowing you to stand outside and enjoy the lovely scenery (Upper Deck). $4,399 p/p or $7,399 Single

CATEGORY B Large window with river view opens to let in fresh breezes and magnificent vistas (Middle Deck).
$4,199 p/p or $7,199 Single

CATEGORY D Small windows with river view (Main Deck).
$3,999 p/p or $6,599 Single

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1-800-707-1634

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Redemption At Hogwarts

Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince, by J. K. Rowling (Scholastic, 652 pp., $29.99)

ROSS G. DOUTHAT

REVIEWING a Harry Potter book is the ultimate superfluous act. No critic can hope to lay a glove on J. K. Rowling's series, which long ago passed into the realm of universal approbation reserved for mothers, flags, and balanced budgets. The only remaining Harry-skeptics—Christian fundamentalists on one hand and literary scholars like Harold Bloom and A. S. Byatt on the other—have been banished beyond the pale of civilized discourse, and everyone else has given in: We all love Harry, and Voldemort take anyone who doesn't.

It's not that the anti-Potter types don't have a certain point. Judged purely on her literary style, the world's bestselling authoress isn't in nearly the same league as the canonical greats of children's literature—the C.S. Lewises and Kenneth Grahames and Frances Hodgson Burnetts. Not that Rowling is untalented, precisely, but her craft gives the impression of having been stunted by success, as if her development as a writer stalled (or her editors began taking long vacations) when the royalties started rolling in.

Sadly, the latest Potter book, *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*, suffers from all the usual faults of the series. The protagonist's interior life hasn't moved beyond the realm of cliché: Harry's stomach lurches, his heart sinks, his mind races, and you can tell when he loses his temper because he tends to BELLOW IN CAPITAL LETTERS! (Though less frequently, thank God, than in *The Order of the Phoenix*, the last Potter installment, which sometimes felt as if it were written on a laptop with a broken Caps Lock key.) Nor has Rowling managed to shed her addiction to adverbs: Nothing can be said, but it must be said grimly, or coldly, or quickly, or slowly, or scornfully, or hastily, or worst of all, *succinctly*—all of this in the space of just four pages. And of her tedious magical shootouts—all flying spells and ducking wizards and shouts of "come on!" and "look out!"—the less said the better.

Yet for all these weaknesses, the Potter saga succeeds as few fictions do, and proves, in the process, that there's more to writing than felicitous prose or perfect psychological realism. As with James Fenimore Cooper, or H. P. Lovecraft, or any of the host of novelists whose stories linger long after their stylistic blunderings are forgotten, it's in that mysterious *more* that Harry Potter's success resides: not in the telling, but in the tale.

That the tale succeeds so well, across so many books, can be credited in large part to Rowling's genius for plotting. Though the Potter books are a casserole of genres—a dash of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, a helping of Narnia and the Arthurian legends, a serving of *Sweet Valley High* (the little wizards have grown up fast)—it's the spirit of Agatha Christie, or perhaps even John le Carré, that broods heaviest over Hogwarts. Each volume follows the structure of a suspense novel: Something nefarious is afoot, and Harry & Co. attempt to ferret it out, usually succeeding just in time for summer vacation. And only in the most carefully crafted whodunits and thrillers do you see the kind of intricate narrative webs, thick with plot and counterplot, dropped hints and hidden clues, that Rowling seems to spin with ease.

The success of her spinning is evident in *The Half-Blood Prince*, which until its shocking conclusion is a surprisingly uneventful book, packed more with information than with action. Voldemort, Harry's nemesis, has returned from the half-dead, gathered his allies, and launched what might be best described as a terrorist campaign against the magical establishment. The contemporary echoes are obvious, as are the political swipes. In previous books, as Voldemort's power grew, Rowling delivered a cutting portrait of a craven bureaucracy unwilling to face up to the threat. But now that her war has begun in earnest she offers thinly veiled jabs at Guantanamo and the Patriot Act, depicting innocent wizards being locked up by a hysterical Ministry of Magic—a poorly timed message, one suspects, in the author's native Britain.

J. K. Rowling's world is a marvelously complex place, thick with tangled family trees, buried secrets, parallel pasts, and double agents.

Amid this gathering storm, calm prevails at Hogwarts, and much of the novel is taken up by the efforts of Albus Dumbledore, the school's aging headmaster and Harry's mentor, to unpack the riddles of Voldemort's past and prepare Harry for the confrontation that awaits, inevitably, in the seventh book. This unpacking takes us deep into the Dark Lord's childhood, and the various revelations demonstrate how cleverly and carefully Rowling has constructed her sub-creation. Her wizarding world isn't quite a secondary landscape on the scale of Tolkien's Middle-Earth: Rather, it's a cracked-mirror view of our own world, with more raffish charm than donnish depth. But it's still a marvelously complex place, thick with tangled family trees, buried secrets, parallel pasts, and

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double agents. It's a place where plotlines that seemed to have been dropped books ago bear unexpected fruit, where tossed-off comments must be scrutinized carefully—and where everything is seen through Harry's teenage eyes, which suggests that readers should always be wary of leaping to conclusions.

But even the most dexterous plot needs characters, and here, too, Rowling excels—not in plumbing the depths of the self, but in dancing nimbly on the surface of personalities, relying on archetype and caricature in ways that call to mind the best of Dickens. Like a Copperfield, Pip, or Twist, Harry is an appealing everyman surrounded by an astonishingly vivid supporting cast; and just as the Heeps, Micawbers, Fagins, and Havishams are often more memorable than Dickens's protagonists, so too is it the old familiars like Dumbledore and Rubeus Hagrid, Draco Malfoy and Severus Snape who keep readers returning, book after book, to the Potter series.

This genius for character and caricature, though, isn't the only quality that Rowling shares with Dickens. There's also her talent for moralizing without polarizing, a rare gift and a necessity for an author with so wide a following. (The conclusion of *The Half-Blood Prince*, I suspect, will provoke more tears worldwide than the passing of Little Nell.) Dickens played to a wide audience by mixing a liberal zeal for social reform with a conservative ardor for domestic virtue. Rowling, similarly, ditches the traditional fantasy novel's hints of racism and chauvinism in favor of a liberal-minded multiculturalism—the villains lust after the kind of racial purity that an author like Tolkien granted only to his most heroic characters—while keeping the genre's conservative, good-and-evil core intact. Dark is Dark and Light is Light, and though the twain may meet in some conflicted characters—the fascinating figure of Snape, for instance, Voldemort's-lackey-turned-Dumbledore's-man (or is he?)—there's never a sense that they can coexist for long, or that any George Lucas–style "balance" is possible between them.

It's true that Rowling hasn't written a Narnia-style religious allegory. (Though I wonder if even an Aslan cameo—or a seventh book titled *Harry Potter and the Passion of the Christ*—would mollify her more zealous Christian critics.) But again, as with Dickens, it doesn't take much special pleading to find a strong religious subtext to her story. The Potter books are heavily medieval, for one thing, stuffed with elements and humors and alchemy and Latinate spells, and stuffed as well with Christ-symbols—phoenixes and stags and unicorns, all associated with the forces of light, and arrayed against the serpent-sign of Voldemort and his Death Eater acolytes (whose name suggests a grisly parody of the Eucharist).

Then there's the central role that death plays in the novels, and the contrast drawn between Harry's companions' willingness to lay down their lives—by the end of *The Half-Blood Prince*, the hero has lost parents, godparents, classmates, and dear friends to the struggle—and Voldemort's all-too-familiar fear of his own mortality. The Dark Lord's name means "flight-from-death" for a reason, and Rowling is unstinting in developing this theme: More than anything, what distinguishes good from evil in the Potter books is whether a character accepts the admonition, *Whoever would save his life must lose it.*

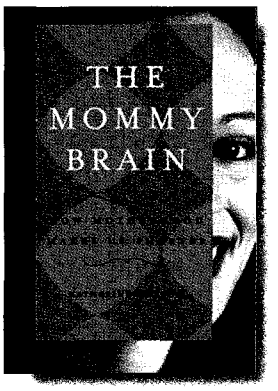
Which leads to the inevitable question, whose answer awaits us in the seventh book: not whether good will triumph over evil, but at what cost? The Potter saga began with a sacrificial death: Harry's parents giving their lives to save him, and with him the whole world. If Rowling remains true to her theme, it will take another such sacrifice to complete her achievement, and bring this great, dark fairy tale full circle, and to an end. **NR**

MYTH

What is the appeal of myth?
Why does the human mind like
A story? Why does Plato end
The *Republic* with a tall tale?
The reasoning is that of Gödel's
Indetermining principle. The extent
Of truth is greater than the ability
Of the forms of man's mind
To contain it. The loveliness,
The goodness, the extent of all
That is, "is" explodes into myth.

—MARY EWALD

Mother Wit



The Mommy Brain: How Motherhood Makes Us Smarter, by Katherine Ellison (Basic, 279 pp., $25)

SUSAN KONIG

With the arrival of our latest baby, I became the mother of four and have gotten perhaps seven hours of sleep in the past several months (not per night; *total*). I would like to think that the incredible amount of effort and brain cells that go into mothering would make one smarter, but I'm too tired to tell.

Now, praise God, we have a book to say, yes, motherhood is making us smarter.

Whew!

The book, Katherine Ellison's *The Mommy Brain*, describes numerous scientific studies—some concluded, some still underway—that suggest that when women become mothers, their brains become bigger and actually work better than they did before.

Ellison discusses these studies at length, and with a sense of humor. In one 1993 study, for example, 100 new mothers "were quizzed through standardized neuropsychological tests" on

Susan Konig, a contributor to National Review Online and *Catholic Digest*, is the author of *Why Animals Sleep So Close to the Road (and Other Lies I Tell My Children)* (St. Martin's).

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the day they gave birth; the results showed that the "new moms scored significantly lower" than non-pregnant childless women and fathers of newborns. "To this," the author retorts, "I can only say, 'Duh.' You've just been through probably the scariest and most exhilarating, painful, and tiring hours of your life and you are now looking at your future in its red, yowling face. It's possible that your performance on standardized neuropsychological tests simply isn't a top priority." She notes that the "deficits in verbal and visual recall" were not a problem for the same women a day or two later; not only do moms do all right on these tests, but we go on to succeed at numerous things simultaneously because, frankly, we have no choice.

In this regard, the book is a useful corrective to the sadly prevalent modern impression that moms give up their smarts to become mothers and that the act of mothering makes us stupider every day. Indeed, it's not just the average Joe who thinks this (and says it), but *really smart moms* . . . like Anna Quindlen. Ellison points out that Quindlen made these self-deprecating comments after having several children: "It was as though my ovaries had taken possession of my brain. Less than a year later an infant had taken possession of everything else. My brain no longer worked terribly well, especially when I added to that baby another less than two years later, and a third fairly soon after that." Now, this same Anna Quindlen has been a columnist for *Newsweek*, written several novels and advice books, and won a Pulitzer Prize for her commentary in the *New York Times*—"yet for some reason," writes Ellison, "[she] feels obliged to assure readers that motherhood has dulled her intellect."

The studies cited in *The Mommy Brain* paint a different and more realistic picture: It turns out that changes do occur in women's brains when they become mothers, but they don't include the brains' turning into mush.

Researchers, using MRIs, have seen mothers' brains light up when the mother looks at a photo of her child or hears a tape of her baby's cry. Clearly, the brain is not less but more active. There are naturally occurring chemicals that make mothers more empathetic, brave, trustworthy, and loyal. Prolactin—"the parenting hormone"—sends "you-go-girl" signals to the brain; in lactating women this hormone is produced at up to *eight times* its normal levels.

Studies of rats and monkeys have also increased our understanding of the role of the brain in empathy and other mothering instincts. In one test, a rat was raised by a harness into the air, where it dangled and flailed; its cage mate discovered that by stepping on a lever, it could lower the harness and bring the rat down from its uncomfortable perch. In another study, a monkey learned to press a lever to get a food treat, but it also saw that when it pressed the lever, its neighbor monkey got a shock; the lever monkey went without food for a few days rather than cause the other monkey to be hurt.

It turns out that changes do occur in women's brains when they become mothers, but they don't include the brains' turning into mush.

These studies have helped scientists understand the biopsychology of human motherhood. For many years, Ellison writes, the mind of the human mother was largely uncharted territory; scientists preferred studying men's brains, which weren't subject to constant hormonal changes. But the animal studies indicated that the hormonal changes themselves were important. Researchers—many of them women who had noticed certain changes in themselves after becoming mothers—began to look at women's brains in more detail.

A lot of interesting information emerged. Women, it turns out, produce their own antidepressant chemical, oxytocin, when they lactate. Oxytocin makes one want to press on, to see that there is a purpose beyond the exhaustion. Common "mom" behaviors that just seem to come naturally—such as being sociable and gathering with their young—actually offer stress-reducing health benefits. We are also more efficient, responsible, motivated, perceptive, resilient, competent, "willing to take on new challenges"—not to mention that we have increased self-restraint and are more skilled at conflict resolution. (It especially warmed my heart to know that when I am being severely tested by my kids, and feel the impulse to—in Ellison's words—"yell, swerve off the road, or fly to Rio," I'm exercising my frontal lobes, which are among the hardest-working parts of the brain.)

The author was a journalist in South America who put off motherhood until, by her own admission, it was almost too late. In the book, she describes her own childhood, being brought up by a stay-at-home mom. "Unlike her," she writes, "we were too smart to waste our time cooking and cleaning." All of Ellison's siblings became medical doctors, like her father; she ran off to become a foreign correspondent. She later realized that her achievements and those of her siblings were planned by their mother, who "work[ed] under the radar to accomplish her goals" and to encourage her kids to succeed at whatever they wanted. Once they left home, their mom earned her own degree and taught disabled children.

Ellison calls motherhood today "increasingly cerebral": Mothers often go on the Internet to find solutions for a job that was once mostly physical. A flood of modern concerns keep the mommy brain ticking: homework, Mozart in the womb, obesity, Ritalin, television, statewide testing, organic foods, pre-school admission. And for moms who work outside the home, research demonstrates that the benefits of being a mother include learning good time-management skills and becoming more highly motivated. Currently, scientists are looking at how fatherhood and other close care-giving situations besides motherhood can change brains all the way down to the biochemical level, just from "intensive contact with children."

Who knew all those minivan miles would pay off? I guess we're smarter than we think. **NR**

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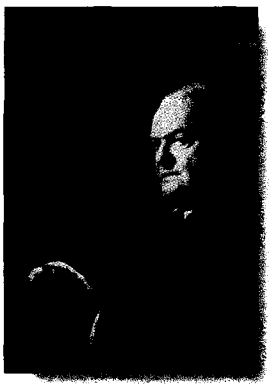
Edmund Wilson, At Last



Edmund Wilson: A Life in Literature, by Lewis M. Dabney (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 656 pp., $35)

JEFFREY HART

THIS splendid biography of Edmund Wilson, decades in preparation, was worth waiting for. Author Lewis Dabney met Wilson during the 1960s and admires him, even to the point of identifying with his sense of being the citizen of "an older America." The biographer has done prodigious research: Here we have the great man of letters, and the man as he was. No previous biography compares to it, and none could possibly supersede it.

Dabney's title, precise and important, defines the problem for a Wilson biographer: His life was indeed a "life in literature." Dabney must somehow deal with all the books and voluminous journals, also the correspondence, and at this he does as well as anyone possibly could; even so, sometimes what Wilson wrote goes by the reader in a flickering way. Dabney surely will send the reader back to the best of Wilson, probably *The Shores of Light* (1952) and *Patriotic Gore* (1962)—and perhaps *Axel's Castle* (1931), in which the interest lies in the tension between Wilson's 18th-century rationalism and such powerful writers as Yeats, Valéry, Eliot, Proust, Joyce, Stein, and Rimbaud, all enemies of just such rationalism.

Throughout his life, Wilson was a prodigious reader. An amusing incident at the Hill School provides the metaphor: Wilson "refused to attend the big football game, preferring to read in bed. . . . The rambunctious boys squeezed the narrow cot through the door and carried it to the game with him in it, still reading."

Wilson spent his childhood in Red Bank, on the New Jersey shore, son of a successful but highly neurotic lawyer. That other New Jersey Wilson, Woodrow, also a Princeton man, shows up in Wilson's work as a sort of unwanted doppelgänger, earning little but contempt from the critic and the other thoughtful young men who had been to France under the aegis of sonorous abstractions about democracy, freedom, and self-determination. Hemingway's style sliced away those otiose abstractions. Scott Fitzgerald, a friend of Wilson's at Princeton, even awarded the name Wilson to the crazed man who murdered Jay Gatsby. As Edmund Wilson wrote in 1940, criticizing some bellicosities of Archibald MacLeish: "Did not [Woodrow] Wilson simply play into the hands of the Allied statesmen, who wanted to break up central Europe in order to weaken it . . . and left it a prey to the first adventurer with the audacity to put it together again? Were there not, in short, very good reasons why anyone who had served in the last war should have considered the Allied slogans an imposture?" In 1920, sharing this opinion of the discredited president, the voters went overwhelmingly for Warren Harding and the end of the infuriating uplift that had ushered in disaster.

Of Wilson's four marriages, numerous mistresses, and generally rocky love life Dabney provides a full account. The third marriage, to Mary McCarthy, deserves a footnote in the history of pugilism. The battlers were closely matched, like Frazier and Ali; but McCarthy sometimes required psychiatric treatment, from which she always sprang back eagerly into combat. Wilson's accounts of sex in his journal are enough to banish the subject from anyone's mind. Wilson must have found some pleasure in sex, since he pursued it unremittingly; yet all his detailed accounts seem to come from an uninvolved, slightly weird, gynecologist. It's a good thing all these women did not read their anatomical reviews. Talk about an Eliotic "dissociation of sensibility": On this, Wilson's sensibility was completely fractured, perhaps between physical desire and puritan distancing.

Also somewhat strange is that Wilson, for all his devotion to literature, seems to lack interest in how a poem or novel actually works, how words and literary structures create something that a paraphrase cannot reproduce, a unique shape in the mind. As Mallarmé remarked, when Degas complained that he had plenty of ideas yet could not write a poem, "No, you make it with words." Dabney shows that Wilson learned early—from Hippolyte Taine's *History of English Literature* and from the essays of Sainte-Beuve—to locate a work and its author in time, place, and cultural history, while creating phrases that characterize the work. His phrases are often apt and memorable, but, even as such, considerably distanced from the work in front of him.

One cannot move from Wilson's *The Shores of Light* (1952), consisting mostly of reviews published during the 1920s, to similar later collections without experiencing in Wilson a falling off in sympathy and excitement. For all his identification with that "older America," Wilson is emphatically a man of the 1920s. His great period began when he was just out of Princeton and home from France. The ship of his life dropped anchor at those luminous shores when everything seemed new and everything seemed possible, and there was an individuality and an iridescence to the best writing that was not sustained after 1930.

"April is the cruelest month, breeding / Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing / Memory and desire, stirring / Dull roots with spring rain." It does not matter that Eliot was writing about sterility and fragmentation; never before, yes never, had verse been written with more energy, with greater rhythmic invention, becoming a sort of jazz band. And, from the same period, yet other distinctive, but joyful, voices. Millay: "And if I loved you Wednesday, / Well, what is that to you? / I do not love you Thursday— / So much is true." Hemingway: "In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains. In the bed of the river there were pebbles and boulders, dry and white in the sun, and the

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water was clear and swiftly moving and blue in the channels." Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby: "'Can't repeat the past?' he cried incredulously. 'Why of course you can.'" Pound's Canto I: "And then went down to the ship, / Set keel to breakers, forth on the godly sea . . ."

Ezra Pound, Prospero of the period, said Make It New, and so they did, making a fresh new world of words. Dabney makes clear Wilson's jealousy of Scott Fitzgerald. At Princeton, he regarded Fitzgerald's Triangle Club musicals as trashy, Fitzgerald as semi-literate. Yet Wilson—his jealousy did him no credit—knew that Fitzgerald was touched by a genius beyond his own grasp. Wilson had little to say about *The Great Gatsby*, and that silence speaks.

Writing about Dorothy Parker in 1944, Wilson realizes that something about the 1920s has gone: "It was suddenly brought home to me how much freer people were—in their emotions, in their ideas and in expressing themselves. In the twenties they could love, they could travel, they could stay up late at night as extravagantly as they pleased; they could think or say or write whatever seemed to them amusing or interesting. . . . [It] was a much more favorable climate for writing than the period we are in now." The most deeply felt thing Wilson ever wrote was the powerful 49-page essay on Edna Millay that stands at the end of *The Shores of Light*, recalling the Twenties when he, John Peale Bishop, and quite a few others were in love with the poet. He ends with an image of Millay running around the corner of Macdougal Street in the Village, flushed and laughing "like a nymph," her hair swinging like that of a fleeing and challenging Daphne. We are not surprised to learn that Wilson also used the phrase "the shores of light" in a poem he wrote in 1922—a poem about Edna Millay.

Dabney takes us through Wilson's later interest in Russian literature (including his exacerbated quarrel with Vladimir Nabokov about translating Pushkin), his amateur interest in the Dead Sea Scrolls, his study of Hebrew, and his attempt to turn his carelessness about his income tax into a protest against the Vietnam War. Somewhat contradictorily, in view of his awareness of the 1920s renaissance, Wilson decided in *Patriotic Gore* that things went wrong after and because of the Civil War. That "older America" died there, a veritable fall of Troy, the civilized city of Jefferson and the rest losing out to the industrial Achaeans.

Dabney is very good on this 1962 book: He focuses on the sources of its energy and strength, the voices of the writers and other figures Wilson brings forward from the period, some 28 by my count. Wilson's biographical sketches, enriched by apt quotation, are masterly. Of course there is Harriet Beecher Stowe, whom Lincoln called "the little woman who started this war," and also Julia Ward Howe with her bloodcurdling "Battle Hymn of the Republic," in which, while Jesus loafs among the lilies across the sea, Old Testament federal warriors trample out the vineyard where the sinful are hiding out, down there in the Carolinas. The murderous John Brown's religious fanaticism reveled in what he saw coming, his vision that "without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins." One is glad to hear that the real-world federal soldiers altered Mrs. Howe's lyrics. Her triumphant climax goes, "As He died to make men holy, / Let us die to make men free / While God is marching on," but the Union men, more manly and less worried about sinners hiding somewhere, sang instead, "And the god-damned war goes on." *Patriotic Gore* deserves to be called an American epic.

Despite the destruction of that "older America," and the rise of all that arose, from which a grumpier and grumpier Wilson took refuge in his ancestral Old Stone House in Talcottville, upstate New York, the shores of light shine still: All you need to do is open the books. Lewis Dabney has brought Edmund Wilson to us brilliantly, Wilson as he was: highly intelligent, an unwavering priest of literature, something of a misogynist, a 1920s quart-a-day man. Wilson has been compared with Samuel Johnson, but though I would love to have met Johnson, and his unequaled circle at the Mitre tavern, I think I would have avoided Wilson—unless I had been trapped with him at the Princeton Club Bar, where he would have squeezed me like an orange, as he did everyone else, for whatever I might know about the author he happened to be writing on at the time. **NR**

■ MUSIC ■

Mozart Minus One

JAY NORDLINGER

Salzburg, Austria

In a way, this summer is the calm before the storm—because next year marks the 250th anniversary of Mozart's birth, and the Salzburg Festival will go all out. What will they do for the homegrown hero? Mainly, they'll present all 22 of his stage works. Some of them—juvenile efforts—are almost never seen. This will be the mother of all Mozart bashes.

Of course, they're not neglecting him this year, either, because Mozart is not neglected in any year—anywhere. And speaking of juvenile efforts: One of the operas onstage this summer is *Mitridate*, which the composer wrote when he was 14. The kid was okay. But does Salzburg's production serve the piece as he wrote it? Don't be silly, my friend: At this festival, the director rules, and he—whoever he is—is about the only one who can make Mozart take a backseat.

I'm surprised they don't take Mozart off the chocolate wrappers and replace him with the porny-freaky director du jour.

The most unfamiliar opera being presented this year is *Die Gezeichneten*, by Franz Schreker. The Salzburg Festival has been honoring composers whose music was banned or otherwise suppressed by the Nazis; they've been doing this for the past several seasons. It is in part an act of penance. Last year, the focus was on Korngold, and this year it's on Schreker. He was wildly popular in the 1910s and 1920s, but when the Nazis came to power, they stripped him of his position—director of the Berlin Conservatory—and declared his music "degenerate." He died early in the Reich, in 1934.

Did I mention Schreker was Jewish? At least his father was, and that was enough.

Schreker is relatively unknown today, but that's not the fault of the Nazis:

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They were defeated 60 years ago. No, Schreker, Korngold, Zemlinsky, and the rest have been ignored or attacked by a music establishment that turned hard against tonality and beauty. Their music has been scorned as middle-class, retrograde—in fact, degenerate. I raise this matter with Michael Haas, one of the experts speaking before the International Festival Society. This is a group that hosts a series of seminars (which I moderate). Yes, says Haas: These composers had to face "a second dictatorship." That is a severe phrase, and exactly right.

Die Gezeichneten—or *The Branded Ones*—concerns a hunchback, Alviano, who detests his ugliness, and builds a shrine to beauty on a nearby island. But some local nobles use this place for orgies, and abduct young women to this end. They also murder them. This being Salzburg, the director has made Alviano not a hunchback but a crossdresser. And the unfortunate young women? They aren't young women, but little girls—naked, shivering, bloody. As if Schreker's original weren't shocking enough. But so it goes, in the modern opera house.

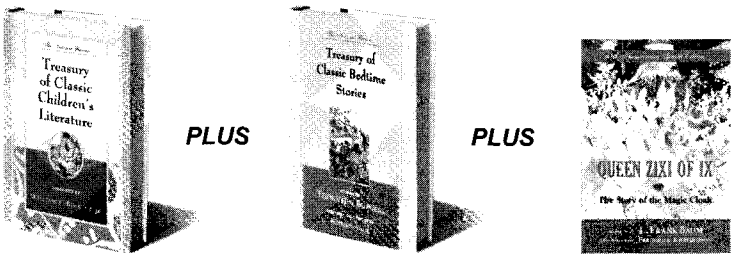
A very starry speaker in the seminar series is Thomas Hampson, the American baritone—"the pride of Spokane, Washington," I call him, apologizing to former House Speaker Tom Foley. Hampson points out that Tom Sneva, the race-car driver, is from Spokane, too. That makes three Toms. Hampson has lived in Austria for many years, and he is a fixture at the festival. This year, he is singing with orchestra, giving two recitals, and appearing in an opera—*La Traviata*, with the Russian sensation Anna Netrebko in the title role. Hampson is Germont, and a good one.

In any case, Hampson arrives at the seminar with a head full of steam: The national press has aired charges of financial impropriety against him and his family. In denouncing these charges, he is eloquent, profane, and hilarious. Hampson is a master performer, no matter what the stage or the circumstances. We talk a little about music, of course—but Hampson really wants to talk about the press. And politics. He teases me about mine—my politics, that is—asking, "Are you still a Republican?" I say (in effect), "You betcha, baby." He then gives a little homily about the glory of democracy, and civil disagreement, and concludes: "You're just wrong."

I can only shrug to the laughing audience, "It's my cross to bear." Hampson suggests that the word "cross" is key. Ah, yes: They all have the heebie-jeebies about the "Religious Right," don't they? Hampson goes on to assess the world situation, and all I have to say is that, as a geopolitical thinker, he is a superb baritone. (He's also a wonderful spirit, and a damn good sport.)

Two days later, we are treated to a new film by Tony Palmer, *The Adventures of Benjamin Schmid*. The subject is a violinist, and, like Mozart, a Salzburg boy. The film is absorbing, and so is Schmid. The following week, he appears at a seminar with Werner Hink, the concertmaster of the Vienna Philharmonic. They relate many interesting things, of which I'll share one with you: I ask Hink, "When a violinist like Benjamin Schmid plays a concerto with an

3-for-1!



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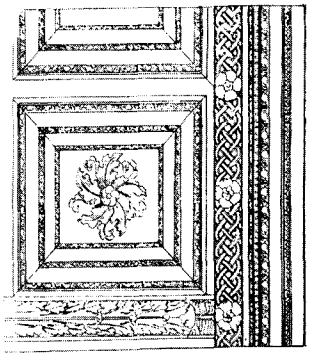
orchestra, are the violinists especially supportive of him? Or are they all thinking, 'It oughta be me'?" Hink answers: The latter. "You didn't know that, did you, Beni?" he asks. Schmid replies, "Actually, I did—during breaks in rehearsal, they're always playing bits of the concerto."

One sunny morning, we bus to Garmisch, Germany, where Richard Strauss made his home. The composer built his villa in 1906, with the proceeds from *Salome*, a smash hit—"The Villa That *Salome* Built," Strauss liked to call it. I don't know about you, but I have never been able to feel closer to a historical figure by visiting his home, walking in his garden, or whatever. I wish I could; it has never worked. In Salzburg, I stay roughly 40 seconds from Mozart's home—where he was born and raised. I have stayed at this hotel for a cumulative six weeks. I have never been to the Mozart place—I lack the yen. (Although Austria has switched to the euro.)



In Garmisch, we are shown the Strauss home by the composer's grandson, Christian, a doctor in his seventies. Would you like a fun fact, NR fans? Dr. Strauss delivered one of the children of our Washington editor, Kate O'Beirne, and her husband Jim. They were stationed in Garmisch, in the Army. Dr. Strauss tells me he has delivered about 30,000 children—a small city.

In the composer's study, there is a sculpture of Beethoven, copied from a major statue in Vienna. Dr. Strauss tells about how a soldier from Texas came right after the war. The very word "Texas" sends up gales of laughter and snickers—apparently, "Texas" connotes everything crude and risible. Anyway, this soldier sits in the composer's chair, puts his feet on a table, points to the sculpture, and says, "Who's that?" The Strausses answer, "The Gauleiter of Munich." From that point on, the family referred to the sculpted Beethoven as "the Gauleiter."

It's a charming story—but you know what I'm thinking: If it weren't for boys from Texas, Western Europe might not have been liberated. And I think we can all agree that the Allies were extraordinarily generous to Richard Strauss.

Even if you're not looking for politics in Salzburg—and, boy, am I not looking—politics may find you. Take the average American expatriate. He is not exactly . . . how should I put this? An Eagle-level contributor to the Republican party. At one reception, a lady asks me whether President Bush will be impeached. Come again? She says, "You know—the Downing Street Memo." For those of you in the dark, "Downing Street Memo" is Left-speak for, "I have swallowed the Moore/Chomsky Kool-Aid." I have to disappoint the lady: I don't have my finger on the American pulse at the moment, but I don't believe Bush will be impeached. But then she asks whether Hillary will be reelected in '06—and I can reassure her on that score.

If America is not popular in this part of Europe, it's a darling, compared with the Little Satan, Israel. A quick anecdote: A friend of mine sits next to a German lady at a gala dinner. The lady will not let go of Israel. "Why does there have to be an Israel?" she asks. My friend murmurs something about historical events. Persistent, the lady asks, "Why can't the Jews have gone to Madagascar?" My friend just stares at his schnitzel.

But let's end gloriously. An especially distinguished speaker in our series is George Sgalitzer, a doctor in Seattle. He was born in Vienna, and is surely the festival's senior patron: He was at the first performance, on August 22, 1920. Seven years old, he was brought by his grandparents. He has attended every summer since, with the exception of the war years. Two Augusts ago, we celebrated his 90th birthday. In that same month, he took in his 1,000th performance at Salzburg. He has attended almost 300 in Bayreuth—on those hard, hard seats!—and countless others elsewhere. He has heard them all, known many of them, and remembers everything. His stories sparkle, and his opinions are sound. A living treasure, George Sgalitzer, expressing true Salzburg grace. **NR**

■ FILM ■

Bergman's Quest

THOMAS S. HIBBS

A "NIGHT OF DISTANCE": Thus does a character in ***Saraband***, the latest and likely last film from famed Swedish director Ingmar Bergman, describe a silent, acrimonious evening with his wife. From the medieval knight probing the absence of God in *The Seventh Seal* (1957) to Johan and his anguished isolation in *Saraband*, Bergman's most memorable characters are knights of distance. Wracked by guilt and emotionally crippled by loss, they are preoccupied with the expanse that separates them from God, spouse, children, even the past itself. Amid habitual self-laceration and a seemingly limitless capacity for humiliating others, they seek desperately for the "miracle of belonging," as it is described in *Saraband*.

Bergman has been rather quiet himself since his self-proclaimed farewell to cinema with *Fanny and Alexander* in 1982. He has been involved in TV and theater productions and wrote a searing script for *Faithless* (2000), directed by his longtime collaborator and former girlfriend, Liv Ullmann. As Marianne in *Saraband*, Ullmann reprises her role, 30 years on, from *Scenes from a Marriage* (1973) opposite Johan (Erland Josephson, another performer in numerous Bergman classics). Recalling the family portrait from the opening of *Scenes*, *Saraband* begins with Marianne sorting through a pile of family photos and directly addressing the camera about her idea of visiting Johan, the ex-husband she hasn't seen in many years.

Liberated from the clutches of Johan's aloof and petulant personality—not to mention his insouciant infidelity—Marianne now sees him as a pitiable character. Although critics are intent on calling this film a sequel to *Scenes*, the focus is less on

Mr. Hibbs, the author of *Shows About Nothing*, is a contributor to National Review Online.

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Marianne and Johan, whose prospects for reunion are slight, than on Johan's relationship with his son, Henrik (Borje Ahlstedt), and Henrik's daughter, Karin (Julia Dufvenius), both of whom are reeling from the recent death of Anna, wife and mother.

Johan himself feels the loss of Anna, for whom he had much affection. He shows compassion toward Karin, but none toward his own son. For all their introspective intellectualism and anguished verbal analysis, Bergman's characters are thoroughly physical: mostly body, he once said, with a little hollow carved out for the soul. When Henrik was a child, his mere presence filled Johan with disgust; now that he is an adult, Henrik's very skin seethes with hatred for his father.

In Anna's absence, Henrik's desire for intimacy takes an ugly and potentially ruinous turn, as he begins to turn his daughter into what she knowingly calls a "surrogate for Mother." If Johan was too distant from his son, Henrik is now much too close to his daughter. Serving as her (highly exacting) music instructor, he threatens to enclose Karin completely within his world as he attempts to remake her in her mother's image. Perhaps only Bergman could provide clear signs of an incipient incestuous relationship without a hint of the salacious.

The battle between father and son becomes a contest for influence over Karin and her future. When Johan intervenes to offer Karin the opportunity to study with an international orchestra, his motives have as much to do with foiling Henrik as with advancing Karin's career. Humiliation, as Bergman has often said, is one of the defining emotional experiences of human life; it is certainly pervasive in his films. Johan and Henrik are master practitioners of the arts of shame and mortification, as they alternate between undergoing humiliation and inflicting it on others—yet they still long for genuine human contact.

Saraband, despite its luminous moments, does not rank among the most memorable Bergman productions. Yet a Bergman film remains an event, especially at a time when, as David Thomson—Hollywood's most astute film critic—puts it, "films don't mean much anymore," not to audiences or even to filmmakers. Years ago, Bergman observed the tendency of filmmakers who "know nothing or very little" to make use of "the most elaborate apparatus"; in contrast, Bergman, who continues to craft thoughtful films about and for adults, accomplishes an enormous amount with nothing more than two characters sitting together in a nondescript room. Here his enduring association with the theater has served him well, even if his characters can at times seem a bit stilted and the dialogue overly mannered. Bergman never fails to create vivid portraits of characters that seem (is there any other way to describe it?) real.

Amid many wonderful scenes in *Saraband*, the first, chance encounter between Marianne and Karin stands out for its pacing, its dialogue, its physical gestures, and its emotional range—from the slow establishment of trust, through the frank exchange of comments about the men in their lives, to the sharing of painful experiences, tears, and finally convivial laughter. In this one scene, Bergman captures "the miracle of belonging"—the mysterious, comforting, and exhilarating experience of human affection.

Erland Josephson and Liv Ullmann in Saraband

SONY PICTURES

With a few exceptions, such as his career-defining *Wild Strawberries*, Bergman's films attend less to belonging than to isolation, hostility, and nearly futile passion—experiences that push characters to the edge of sanity and toward the dissolution of any sense of stable personhood. The dissolution of the self into a series of provisional roles or masks is, in some academic circles and increasingly in popular culture, celebrated as a liberating postmodernism. Bergman, however, doesn't flinch from the horrifying consequences of such a condition of psychological deprivation. (See, for example, *Persona* and *Hour of the Wolf*.) Individuals who conflate reality with fantasy or wish fulfillment are hardly liberated; instead, they are in the grips of an appalling identity crisis.

What is the alternative to this dissolution of the self? Based on Bergman's own statements and a shift in his focus after the faith trilogy (*Through a Glass Darkly*, *Winter Light*, and *The Silence*), critics have described Bergman as moving from God to human love as the best possible answer to the afflictions of the human condition. But this is misleading: Whatever might be the case about Bergman's own soul, his characters continue to frame their own dilemmas in theological terms. In an early scene in *Saraband*, for example, Johan and Marianne sit on his porch looking out over a glorious vista, as he recites lines about the way natural beauty betokens the presence of the Giver of beauty, Beauty Itself. Soon thereafter, in a quite different mood, Johan describes his "voluntary isolation" as a kind of hell and laments having led a "meaningless existence" that has left him "dead already." Other characters speak of awaiting a punishment they are certain they have incurred. Then, late in the film, Marianne, the only character whose life makes clear progress, pauses to pray in front of an image of Christ.

From *Wild Strawberries* to *Faithless* and *Saraband*, elderly characters look back over their lives and undergo what Bergman calls a "search, a final test." Keeping death in mind provokes a searching investigation of one's past, a quest to understand and purify one's motives, and a hope for reconciliation. (On this score, *Wild Strawberries* is an enduring masterpiece.) By continuing to give voice to the silence and by continuing to create knights of distance who seek feebly for illumination amid the darkness, Bergman remains a prophetic filmmaker, reminding us of our strange and strangely modern afflictions. We need Bergman not because he shows us the way back to God but because he reminds us of the importance of the question and the significance of the absence that haunts so much of modern life, the apparent silence of the divine voice calling us home to experience the miracle of belonging. **NR**

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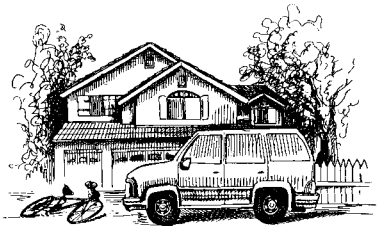
■ THE STRAGGLER ■

Grand Tour



JOHN DERBYSHIRE

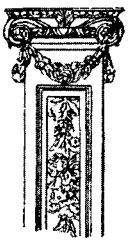
"LIKE a military operation!" I boasted to my brother, flourishing the book in front of him. The book was actually a sheaf of 79 pages that I had hole-punched and bound up in a plastic report cover. Through the clear plastic front could be read the title: DERBYSHIRE FAMILY VACATION, 2005. Eight little divider tags told the story: "Schedule," "Planes," "Car hire," "Hotels," "Train," "Maps," "Addresses," "Notes." This was a two-week European vacation, meticulously planned, mapped, ticketed, and scheduled. We had just got as far as England at this point, and I was visiting my relatives. My brother, who actually spent 22 years of his life in Her Majesty's armed forces, smiled cynically, and passed a sardonic remark about the usual progress of military operations. I could see he was impressed, though.

He certainly should have been. Vacations bring out the systems analyst in me. Though in daily life I am a rather slovenly, ill-organized person, the prospect of a family vacation impels me to frenzies of administrative zeal. The arrival of the Internet has made this kind of project much easier, of course. You can summon up everything—maps, ticket confirmations, train schedules—on your screen, then just print them off. That's how I ended up with 79 pages.

This particular year my efforts were well justified. My original notion had been a visit to England, to see my relatives and take the kids round some of the sights. This met with general approval in the household. Four years ago we "did" China, my wife's country of birth. Only fair that we now "do" England, which is mine.

Then mission creep set in. Could we take a side trip to Paris for a day or two? begged my wife. She *so* wanted to see Paris. I grudgingly admitted that we might manage it. This encouraged my 10-year-old son to step up. He is a keen player of a computer game called *Age of Empires*, and from that and some supplementary reading has accumulated a quite comprehensive knowledge of the ancient world. He can, for instance, identify the different types of column orders: Doric, Ionic, Corinthian . . . Why not go to Rome as well? he asked. That, I replied, would be over-egging the pudding. Three countries in two weeks? We should see very little but airport lounges and hotel reception desks.

They worked on me, though, and at last, after a respectable rearguard action, I yielded, and produced a plan for three nights each in Rome and Paris from a base in London. The family were enthusiastic. I still thought this was far too much travel and that the vacation would end in tears, but there was no telling them, so after fair warning that I should be unsparing about saying "I told you so," I booked planes, a train (Eurostar through the Channel Tunnel), a car, and hotels, and we set off.



Everything went according to plan. We gazed at the Sistine Chapel and the *Mona Lisa*; we ascended the Eiffel Tower and Notre Dame; we poked around Westminster Abbey and the Colosseum; we rode the Métro and the London Eye (a huge ferris wheel set on the south bank of the Thames). Family bonds were strengthened, promises of return visits exchanged, languages practiced, customs and manners scrutinized and commented on. The weather was kind.

Does travel truly broaden the mind? I have always nursed doubts. Well-traveled people with narrow minds seem to be quite common. It is surely the duty of a parent, though, to acquaint his children with foreign parts, and the cultural treasures they hold, when those children are old enough to take in and weigh some of what they are seeing. Just how much of what they take in at these tender ages—mine are aged ten and twelve—is a matter for speculation. Westminster Abbey bored them after five minutes, in spite of my best efforts. They liked Stonehenge better, though a follow-up to the Avebury stone circle was a bust. The gargoyles on the tower of Notre Dame got their attention, having been featured in a silly Disney movie "based on" Victor Hugo's weird necro-sado-masochistic novel about the place. The *Mona Lisa* left them unstirred; but my son had to be dragged away from Géricault's *Raft of the Medusa*, which appealed to his small-boy fascination with calamity and horror. The Sistine Chapel, in its still-controversial restored colors, was a knockout for everyone.

For a father, the opportunity to play at worldly competence in front of his children offers deep satisfactions, too, though it is difficult to restrain an element of play-acting. I am, for example, a wretched linguist; but from long experience I have acquired the knack of making myself understood, when grammar and vocabulary fail, by ancillary means: the gesture, the charade, the diagram sketched on the palm with a finger, the sketchy knowledge of a Romance language padded out with Latin guesses. With these, and the remnants of my schoolboy French, and opera-libretto Italian, I impressed the socks off my kids, who now regard me as a master of many tongues. In the interests of truth I ought to disabuse them, but I think I shall leave that for a while.

The tour wasn't all child-centered. Having for some time had the idea to write a long magazine piece on Charles Kingsley, the Victorian novelist and naturalist, I stopped off at his Hampshire church to take a look. I have now gazed upon the dish from which vegetables were served to the author of *The Water Babies*. In another spot of literary tourism, while visiting the Spanish Steps, we climbed up to the little apartment overlooking them, the one in which John Keats died. And then there was the Galleria Borghese. I had somehow got through the larger part (I suppose) of my life without ever seeing Bernini's *Apollo and Daphne* up close, in spite of having been moved, at an early age, by Sir Kenneth Clark's description of the piece. Omission rectified: We gazed at the figures from every angle, overwhelmed—even the kids, I think—by its tremendous perfection.

And after it all, we arrived back home without mishap! All boxes checked, all sights seen, all relatives embraced. Like a military operation. Yes, I am smug about it—and very glad I don't have to think about vacations for another nine months. **NR**

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Next-Day Thought in Britain

EDINBURGH, JULY 19

SOME critics of Tony Blair have pounded on the point that one of the four bombers had been identified by the security people as mischievously connected with aggressive elements of the Muslim community.

So why had they not brought him in?

The innocence of the question recalls the questioning of J. Edgar Hoover by the Warren Commission in 1964, inquiring into the assassination of President Kennedy. Was it not known to the FBI that Lee Harvey Oswald had been active in a pro-Castro political organization in New Orleans?—Yes, we knew that. Didn't we know that he had left the U.S. Marines and declared himself a Communist, marrying a Russian girl and setting out to live in the Soviet Union before returning home?—Yes, we knew that. Wasn't it known that he had traveled to Mexico City, where he might have conspired with Fidelistas to break U.S. laws?—Yes, we knew he had been there. Well, how come on November 22, 1963, he was squatting there in the Texas School Book Depository, a Mannlicher-Carcano rifle in his hands, at liberty to assassinate the president of the United States?

Mr. Hoover said that if everyone in America at the security-risk level of Oswald were secluded when the president passed by, we would have a politically intolerable situation. He gave the number of people in Chicago who, applying a hypothetical Oswald security meter, we'd have to segregate, and that number (was it 2,000?) sobered the house, and the commission moved on to the challenge of protecting a president other than by identifying and removing from the scene everyone who might wish him dead.

Hot critics of the vulnerability of London on July 7 edged into a different question: Hadn't the government encouraged the bombers by the PM's endorsement of U.S. policy in the Iraq war? Chatham House, a British think tank, encouraged such thought by observing that the British were now riding as a "pillion passenger" in the U.S. war tank, incurring enemies while abandoning freedom of movement. Blair replied that Britain is engaged in counterterrorist activity, and was several times singled out for al-Qaeda violence before the Iraq war even began.

The detailed examination of the movements of the four bombers tells of their awesome coordination They even seemed to pause, flukily, to appear on the camera screen at King's Cross station, each one carrying a rucksack with explosives, just before three of them descended into the underground system, one headed west, one south, one east, to detonate their bombs at 8:50 A.M., the fourth one heading for a bus to do the same an hour later. That kind of coordination is not effected by random encounters, and we are required to think about the nature of the challenge: Four very young men, resolutely set on death for themselves, provided only that there be at least ten deaths of innocent British citizens for each of their own.

Mr. Blair, whether riding as pillion passenger or as guide, needs to contend against such persons at whatever scale they present themselves—riding in the tubes of London, or flying high over the skies of Manhattan or Washington, or coordinating in a laboratory of biological, chemical, or nuclear horror. We have to hope that sanity will break through. What Islamic voice—we are entitled to ask over and over—can break through to those consciences awry, to tell them they cannot accomplish the end of the Western world? And that in pursuit of that goal, they are committing their own suicide, and enhancing the kind of impatience toward Islam which could doom their co-religionists by the tens of thousands, to deaths as bloody as they are bent on inflicting on others?

The Cesspool

NEW YORK, AUGUST 9

THE Randolph Killing, we may as well call it, freezes the blood and all but estops the working of the mind. What does thoughtful analysis yield? Have we learned anything in any sense new? Surely—we need to comfort ourselves by saying—the Randolph Killing is not merely new, it is unique?

Jonathan Zarate is 18. He had quit high school, but hadn't got a job. He lived with his divorced father and his father's new wife and her four children in the leafy community of Randolph, New Jersey, whose inhabitants have a median family income of $110,000.

Last Saturday night, Jonathan called a neighbor, 16-year-old Jennifer Parks. Would Jennifer like to come on over and watch some television with Jonathan in the basement? It was 2 A.M., but Jennifer said yes, and walked on over.

Soon after, Jonathan got mad, really mad at Jennifer. He beat her with an aluminum pole, then knifed her, then stuffed a bandana down her throat. But now he had a corpse, and these are ungainly, so Jonathan undertook to saw off Jennifer's legs, at the knees. He got hold of a steamer trunk and stuffed her and the legs into it, and dragged it into the back of his father's Jeep. He went back to the basement and got some bleach, with which he tackled the blood stains on the carpet.

The next morning the girl's parents went about in the neighborhood looking for her. They stopped at Jonathan's house and asked if he had seen her. He said no, and rejoined the singing of Happy Birthday as a cake was passed about celebrating his stepsister's birthday. By noon that day the parents were worried enough about Jennifer's absence to call the police. A search yielded nothing.

Late Sunday night, Jonathan asked his 14-year-old brother James to help him with a project. James agreed, and persuaded a 16-year-old friend, who lived 30 miles away, to join in helping.

Jonathan and James picked up the third teenager and drove the Jeep to a bridge on the Passaic River. The three pulled the trunk out and were about to heave it into the water when they were

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spotted by a curious policeman.

Before the night was over, Jonathan was arraigned on a number of charges, including first-degree murder. The two younger teenagers were charged with unlawful disposal of human remains and tampering with evidence.

The police announced that Jonathan confessed to what he had done. "Short of burning down the house," the police chief said, "or getting rid of the floorboards and throwing out all the drains, he couldn't have covered this up." But Jonathan sought to be protective about his brother, insisting that James had no idea what was in the trunk he was helping to toss into the river in the middle of the night.

From interviews, reporters gleaned the information that Jonathan had had to repeat his junior year at high school, that he had quarreled with the school principal, that he was streetwise, listened to gangster rap, and was scrappy even with boys bigger than he. Jennifer was an only child, described as "shy and sweet, and a shameless fan of Harry Potter."

It is tabloid fare for sure, but what arrests the attention is the inexplicable matter of first, the brother, then the brother's friend, aged 14 and 16. Are we being told that one should not be surprised that suburban teenagers agree to cover up a quite brutal killing? Is there a story underneath? Did Jonathan have a hypnotic hold on James, indeed a hold that extended to a 16-year old living 30 miles away?

The thing is so bad, so unremittingly evil, we need to know more about it, even if it closes out hope for however many young Americans who live in that cesspool. Is it worldwide?

Looking Ahead—Oil

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12

RAYMOND J. LEARSY has written a book memorable in the sense that nightmares can be memorable, but also useful. If the nightmare is that you died of a drug overdose, and the memory of it causes you when in command to draw back from the marginal dose, then the nightmare has served a purpose. Learsy writes (his book is called *Over a Barrel: Breaking the Middle East Oil Cartel*) about what could happen if we continue to go as we are going. The price of gasoline today is 60 percent higher than it was a year ago. Such data require extrapolation.

After 200 pages of history and analysis, telling the story of the founding of OPEC, of manipulations and broken promises and extortion and opportunism, Learsy acknowledges OPEC's success. Sixty-dollar-a-barrel oil is certainly a success, but the body on which it feeds does not expand, *pari passu*, with the successes of OPEC. It does not matter how much you consume, if the supplies are inexhaustible and your capacity, insatiable. But here is what we might be facing if oil rose to $100 per barrel.

I quote from the author. Commuters suddenly forced to pay $2.50 or more for a gallon of gas began to brown-bag their lunches, inching away from restaurants. Americans who could afford a vacation went on shorter trips, putting a dent in the tourist industry. Trucking companies hauling everything from wines to furniture imposed a hefty surcharge on shippers, who passed it on to their customers, who then passed it farther down the line to the retail buyer if they could.

The crunch forced many independent truckers to sell their rigs, playing havoc with shipping. Higher fuel costs sent the U.S. Postal Service deeper into the red and threatened the survival of FedEx and UPS. With the break-even point for airlines a distant memory at $31 a barrel, sharp fare boosts were the only option. Traffic spiraled into a tailspin, and one airline after another declared bankruptcy.

But of course, oil is vital to everything from plastic picnic forks to printer's ink. Manufacturers raised prices across the board, and potholes went unfilled in city streets. Municipal and factory employees were laid off or fired. Foodstuffs of every kind reflected the higher costs incurred by growers and shippers.

Runaway prices on just about everything took the Federal Reserve Board by surprise. Determined to keep interest rates low, the Fed's governors were ill-prepared for the economic crisis. The Fed belatedly boosted interest rates 2 percentage points. The heretofore unheard-of move jammed on the economic brakes so swiftly that you could almost smell the stink of burning rubber. Higher mortgage rates stopped would-be home buyers dead in their tracks. The real-estate market crashed, wiping out billions of dollars of paper profits and putting holders of adjustable-rate mortgages and home-equity loans in peril. Foreclosures and tax-default auctions became common, consumer spending dried up, and soon the entire world was in a recession.

The rise in oil prices is not a fancy of Ray Learsy, and the unpredictability of that rise manifestly requires self-protection. How?

Again, quoting from the author. First, we must cut back energy usage by taking steps to control demand (just as OPEC works to control supply). Second, we must become energy self-reliant.

We should use the Strategic Petroleum Reserve (700 million barrels) to douse incendiary shoots of inflationary fire. Those uses of national oil would be loans, not grants; repayable in kind, when the price of oil had stabilized.

We will need to encourage alternative energy sources while adopting a voucher-based gas-distribution program. For the duration of the emergency, gas users would have access to magnetic debit cards in which were embedded a national quarterly target of per-consumer gasoline. Drivers whose allotted amount of gas didn't meet their needs could buy part or all of someone else's allotment. For the average driver, this distribution plan would not increase gasoline costs. A consumer would pay the same out-of-pocket cash per gallon, and the government wouldn't get its hands on any more of the taxpayers' dollars. It is a more efficient way of distributing energy because it employs market incentives to allow heavier gasoline users to get what they need without increasing overall consumption of energy.

It was 20 years ago that the Saudis and the U.S. arrived at a deal. The Saudis would set prices so as to protect the U.S. oil industry. And the U.S. would protect the Saudis' independence. We regret that, and should make the Saudis regret it also.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

"'Freedom of speech'?—But that could lead to freedom of thought!"

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happy warrior

MARK STEYN

A Wilderness of Perceptions

THESE are hard times to be a "happy warrior." The "peace" movement is noisily unhappy and the armchair warriors are subdued or cranky. At one level, it's not so much "the war" per se, nor even the perception of the war, but the perception of the perception.

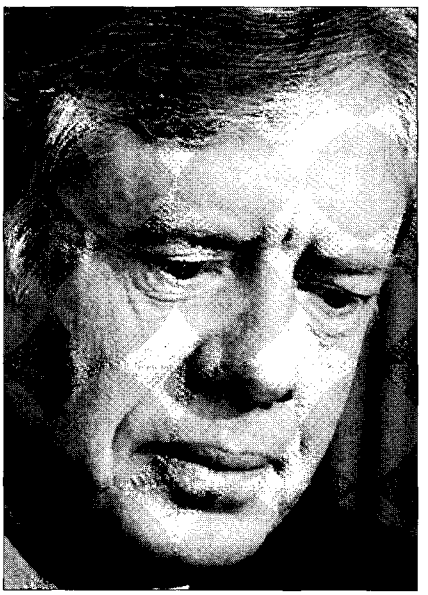
Consider, for example, the latest passing fancy of the anti-war mob, Cindy Sheehan. Since the death of her son in Iraq, Mrs. Sheehan has been opposed to the war. Correction: She was opposed to the war at the time her brave son chose to re-enlist. The only difference is that now she's opposed to the war with full supporting cast—Joan Baez, Frank Rich, Viggo Mortensen, etc.

I'm relaxed about Mrs. Sheehan. Her biggest supporters are Code Pink/Women for Peace, United for Peace & Justice, and Veterans for Peace, all of whom were officially represented at a big confab in Istanbul this summer that came out in formal support of the "insurgency." In other words, they're on the side of the enemy. It's no good saying—as the blue-state bumper stickers do—"Support Our Troops. Bring Them Home." The apparatus around Mrs. Sheehan actively supports the fellows who are killing "our" troops. Apparently the head-hackers have more "moral authority" (in Maureen Dowd's cant phrase) than a government elected by millions of brave Iraqis.

But so what? Arianna and Mo are hot for Cindy, and so are a lot of other folks. She has, says Peter Beinart in the *Washington Post*, "transfixed the nation." "The protest of Cindy Sheehan," writes Patrick Bishop in my own newspaper, the London *Daily Telegraph*, "is striking a sympathetic chord with more and more Americans."

The only problem with the above statement is that it isn't true. Mrs. Sheehan struck a sympathetic chord—strictly at a human level—until it quickly became all too obvious what she was. According to the Rasmussen poll, 35 percent of people have a positive view of Mrs. Sheehan, 38 percent a negative one. In barely a month in public life, she's already entered that elite club most doomed politicians take years to gain admission to—that select group of Americans whose negatives are higher than their positives. If she were running for office, she could get elected in Berkeley and a couple of other college towns, but that's it.

So it's not just the media perception of the war that's screwy, but also their perception of the perception of the war. The



Back to malaise?

problem now is that the Bush administration's approach to the war may be dictated by its own warped perception of the perception of the perception. When one sorts one's way through the wilderness of mirrors, most of the stuff out there is good news. Just to pluck at random, the Iraqis are engaged in serious constitutional deal-making, the Afghans are campaigning for parliamentary elections, Egypt will be holding its first multi-candidate presidential election—and, more to the point, whoever operates in the name of al-Qaeda has been mostly reduced to blowing up their fellow Muslims in Muslim countries. And, when they do, all they get for it is mass protests against Islamist terrorism in Bangladesh, the quick liquidation of a succession of prominent Osama henchmen by Saudi security forces, and regular folks in the Sunni Triangle belatedly turning on the "insurgents" among them.

Nonetheless, on the home front a Carterian malaise hangs heavy. If the 18 months between the Afghan war and the fall of Saddam seemed an eternity, the gap between Iraq and anything else seems likely to stretch easily to a half-decade or beyond. My problem with the polls is that there's a missing category. The assumption is that those "dissatisfied" with the war must necessarily be on the side of the Sheehans, Riches, and Huffingtons. Au contraire, there's a significant chunk of Americans who'll support a war that hits our enemies hard and keeps them on the ropes, but are increasingly fed up with a tentative war effort that, militarily, won't even smack Boy Assad around for his cross-border provocations and, diplomatically, is spending way too much time trying to strong-arm the Kurds into signing on to theocratic misogyny neither they nor Americans should be endorsing. There are three forces at play on the domestic scene—the "Go, insurgents!" lobby, the Michael Ledeen "Faster, please!" crowd, and the administration's approach somewhere in between—and that ought to be reflected in the polls.

Meanwhile, as the fourth anniversary of 9/11 approaches, consider Cindy Sheehan's message: that neither Iraq nor Afghanistan nor (as she told a rally in Berkeley) America itself is worth the death of her son. Suppose that were true. Suppose the broader point were correct—that the first direct attack on the American mainland in two centuries were not worth a military campaign with an historically low rate of casualties. A superpower of 300 million that will bear any burden or pay any price as long as the death rate stays below four figures won't be a superpower or any other kind of functioning polity for long. Goh Chok Tong, the prime minister of Singapore, was in Washington last year and summed it up better than anyone:

"The key issue is no longer WMD or even the role of the U.N. The central issue is America's credibility and will to prevail." **NR**

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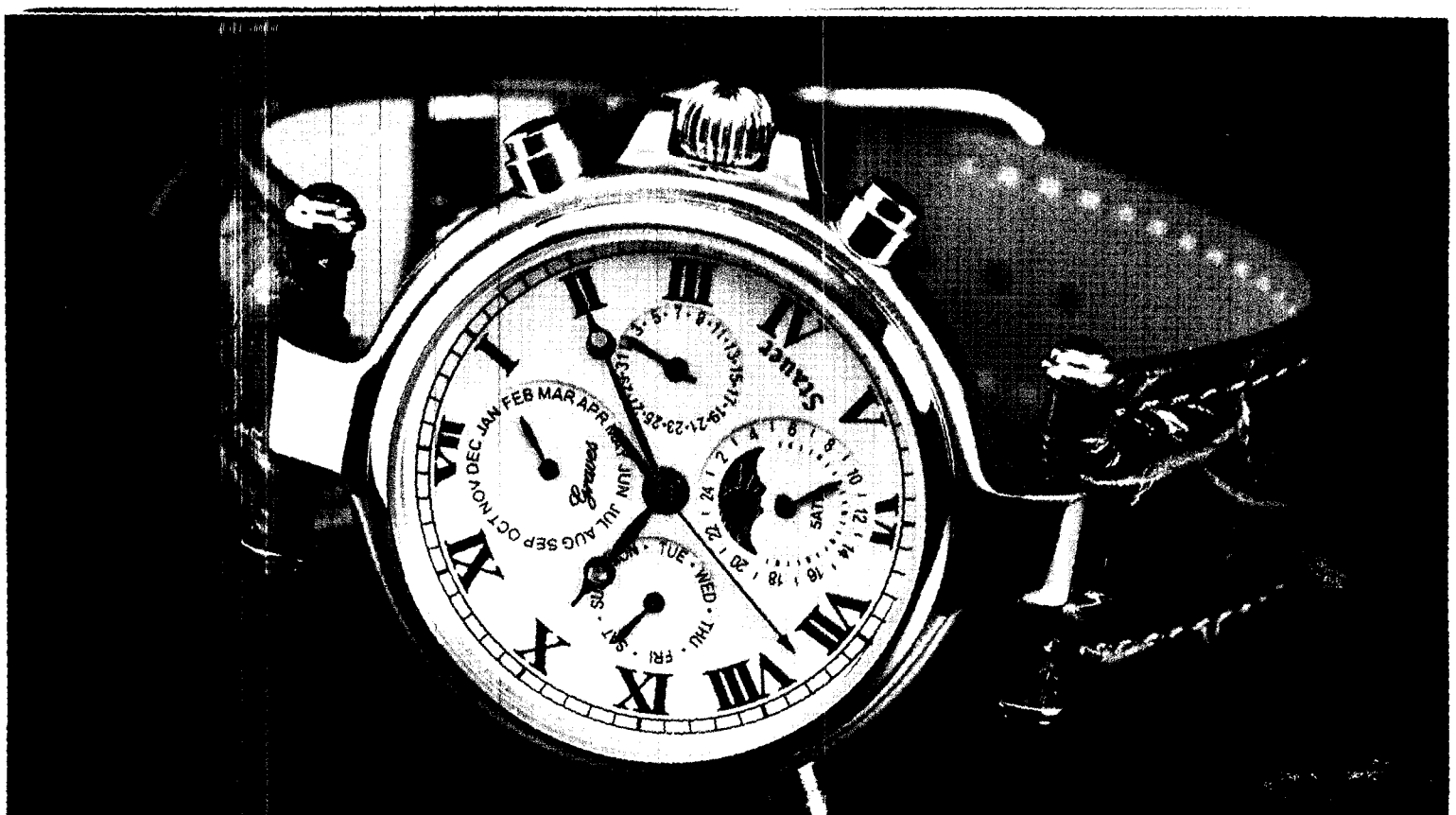

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